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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1886.

THE END OF THE SESSION.

THE first session of the Forty-ninth Congress ends without a very illustrious record. There is always a great deal of necessary routine business which attracts no public attention, and which has been done, doubtless, as well by this Congress as by its predecessors. But of great measures for the general welfare and of a high public spirit there is little to trace in the proceedings. There was natural curiosity to see how the Democratic party, which controlled the Executive and the House of Representatives, would conduct public affairs after its long exclusion. It had an extraordinary opportunity. After an ascendency of a quarter of a century, the Republican party had been defeated, not upon a question of policy, but upon a personal question, which became inevitably representative of a spirit and tendency. The Democratic party had succeeded by a very small majority, but with a candidate acceptable beyond the lines of his party, whose official career had attested his executive ability, honesty, and courage, as well as his sincere sympathy with the progressive reform spirit which exists in both parties. The opportunity was singularly advantageous. The Democratic party needed only to show that the President was its true representative, and that its long exclusion from responsible power had yet left it with practical legislative ability.

The opportunity has been lost. The session closes without the demonstration of cordial Democratic agreement with the Democratic President, and without beneficial legislation for the country. The President himself, however, has not forfeited the confidence which his previous career had inspired, and he is personally stronger with the country than he has ever been. The financial administration also has extorted praise even from rancorous opponents. When Mr. MANNING entered the Treasury his appearance was hailed with the declaration that the Administration was already judged by the selection of a mere party boss for the head of the Treasury. But when, after fourteen months, he was compelled by ill health to leave his post, his retirement was universally regretted as a public misfortune even by those who had most contemptuously assailed him. He had chosen his lieutenants with a skill that commanded general confidence, and his conduct of the finances, in full sympathy with the views of the President, was applauded by the whole intelligent country. Mr. MANNING succeeded very able Secretaries, Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. McCULLOCH. But his course has not been less sagacious and patriotic than theirs. The Democratic House has displayed its wisdom by endeavoring to discredit the Democratic President and Secretary of the Treasury. The distinctive Executive policy in regard to the civil service has not found among the recognized Democratic leaders one earnest supporter. Neither Mr. HEWITT, nor Mr. CARLISLE, nor Mr. RANDALL, nor Mr. MORRISON, has sustained Mr. COX and Mr. FINDLAY in their advocacy of that policy, while the Secretary of the Treasury has been emphatically rebuked by the Democratic House under the leadership of Mr. MORRISON, in depriving him of a discretion which has been granted to other Secretaries, and of which he has proved himself to be signally capable.

The Republican party, however, has not seized the opportunity to gain the public favor which its opponent has thrown away. The quarrel of the Senate with the President, the enormous grant of the BLAIR bill, the confessed extravagances of the River and Harbor Bill, the evasion of the BECK resolution, the passage of the Oleomargarine Bill, the refusal to investigate the flagrant scandal of the PAYNE election, and the total failure to propose the extension of civil service reform, which would have thrown upon the Democratic party the responsibility of opposition. For all of these things the Republicans are responsible, and these, under the circumstances, show as much dulness as the Democrats have shown. The Republican policy was plain. It was to prove that the country would have been surer of wise and progressive legislation if the Republicans had had control. But in many of the worst measures, and especially in the passage of the MORRISON resolution, they took pains to share the responsibility with Democrats. One measure of wise legislation, indeed, was the Presidential Succession Bill, which was introduced by the Republicans, and passed by both parties. But the other and much more important bill providing for the electoral count was not passed by the House. It has been a very unsatisfactory session. But it illustrates the abnormal political situation when men and not parties represent principles and policies.

ANTI-SALOON.

MR. ALBERT GRIFFIN, of Kansas, is a devoted Republican who voted for Mr. BLAINE, and he is also a Prohibitionist. Apparently doubtful of the wisdom of risking the dissolution or defeat of the Republican party by joining the Prohibition party, he is yet so much a temperance man as to refuse to follow the Republican party when led by the saloon or the liquor interest. He has no sympathy with the substance of Mr. SHOOK'S telegram to the *Tribune* that Republican interests require a good understanding with the saloon. On the contrary, Mr. GRIFFIN, as a Republican, holds that nothing endangers the party more than submission to saloon leadership and an alliance with the liquor interest. This view springs from his conviction that "temperance Republicans" have about decided not to vote hereafter with "the rummies" for "rummy candidates." He has made his views known to many eminent Republicans in Congress and elsewhere, and they agree with him that it is desirable, if not essential, to retain the temperance vote in the party. But many of the leaders prefer not to appear prominently in any movement to that end. Meanwhile a Republican conference in New Jersey and Massachusetts, and the State Conventions in Maine and Vermont, have approved the movement.

Mr. GRIFFIN, on behalf of such Republicans, has invited a national anti-saloon conference of Republicans to meet at Chicago on the 16th of September to consider what active policy upon the subject should be adopted by the party. The call for the conference states that arrangements have been made to insure delegations from Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine, and Rhode Island, and that among the delegates will be Senators, Representatives in Congress, and other leading Republicans. The proposed action of the conference—that is to say, the action which the leaders in the movement think to be best for the interest of the Republican party—is not a declaration for any specific law, but a protest against the business of dram-selling and its consequent evils, leaving to each State to decide for itself by what means the end shall be attained. But whatever is done should be in such unmistakable opposition to the liquor interest that its friends will leave the party. The obvious objection to this scheme is that temperance or "anti-saloon" sentiment, when it is the main-spring of political action, is, like antislavery sentiment, an engrossing issue, which subordinates other objects to itself. But the GRIFFIN scheme contemplates primarily the interest of the Republican party as distinct from an anti-saloon party. Now the saloon or liquor interest, being thoroughly organized and amply supplied, cannot be encountered successfully by an anti-saloon sentiment which is a mere episode in the purposes of another party. If, as the call for the conference states, the very existence of the Republican party is at stake owing to the discontent of anti-saloon Republicans, is it probable that such Republicans can be satisfied by an indeterminate policy to be left to the States? The evil is a national evil, or it is no concern of a national party.

But if the evil be national, the platform of the party must be national and uniform. The antislavery policy was not left to the pleasure of the States, to be one thing in Maine and another in Michigan. It was a national policy promulgated by a national Convention of a national party, and the party in each State was to carry out that policy. The Republican party can meet the demand of temperance Republicans only by a definite general policy. It must declare for prohibition or for some form of license. If its existence is at stake upon the question, it cannot save itself by resolving that intemperance is the prolific cause of crime and suffering, and that saloons ought to be suppressed in the way that seems wisest in the various States. That would be like the civil service reform planks in national platforms. But it was not the action of the Republican party as such, but of Republicans and Democrats outside of party action, that put reform upon its feet. The action of the Republican anti-saloon conference in Massachusetts reveals the situation. The Republican managers who wished to hold the anti-saloon vote without losing that of the saloon were set aside by the temperance managers, who proposed that the question of prohibition should be submitted to the people. In parties and politics, as elsewhere, those who are in earnest will overcome those who are not. Republicans who are more interested in the anti-saloon question than in maintaining Republican ascendency will insist upon a definite anti-saloon policy, and take the risk. They will not be content with an indefinite anti-saloon declaration.

A SIMPLE QUESTION.

IN moving to recommit the BECK resolution, Senator HAWLEY did not declare against its purpose or principle. He said that so grave a proposition, which made what was assumed to be the practice of Senators and Representatives a serious misdemeanor with a penalty, ought not to become law without the usual reference to a committee, in order that its passage might have all the weight of deliberate consideration. Senator HAWLEY is a frank and upright man, and of course his word cannot be doubted that this was his purpose. But the conviction that the Committee on the Judiciary was unfavorable to the bill, and that committal was equivalent to defeat, was universal. It was certainly the feeling of many Senators, for one of them asked to hear the bill read as for the last time. The conviction was justified by the character of the majority report from the committee. There had been a strong expression of public approval of the bill, not from the Democratic press alone; and the majority report did not recommend the rejection of the bill, but returned it so weakened and loaded with confusing restrictions and modifications that its precise operation could not well be determined, and the doubt would justify an adverse vote, which would dispose of the proposition.

The principle of the BECK bill is very simple. It is that legislators should not vote upon measures in which they have a pecuniary interest. It was the sense of this impropriety which gave the sting to Senator INGALLS'S attack upon Senator MILLER for his urgent advocacy of the Oleomargarine Bill. We do not approve nor justify the attack, for we do not know the facts. But Senator INGALLS evidently believed that Senator MILLER was a maker and merchant of butter, and that he was eagerly pushing a bill to tax a rival commodity. This statement, if true, was felt at once to place Senator MILLER in a very unenviable position, and he instantly and with warmth declared that he kept a few cows for his own pleasure, and that the price of what butter he sold could not possibly be affected by the price of oleomargarine. Senator MILLER'S resentment and the nature of Senator INGALLS'S attack both show the instinctive approval of the principle of the BECK bill. If it be manifestly improper for a legislator who sells butter to vote to tax oleomargarine, how can it be proper for a legislator who is in the service of a railroad company to vote upon the interests of the company? Could there be a more monstrous spectacle than that of a Senator earnestly opposing in the Senate-Chamber a bill to tax a corporation, and then going home to receive from the corporation a large fee for his services as a lawyer in another room of the Capitol?

The assertion that it is an insult to a public man to suppose that he would be influenced in his public action by his private interest is an assertion that the Constitution and the laws of the United States insult public men. Wise men prefer not to expose themselves to a temptation whose most insidious plea is that it is not temptation. They are aware of that unconscious influence and unnoted bias in public action which Mr. EDMUNDS acknowledged, and against which public men should be constantly on their guard. What is the cloud upon BACON'S name? What was the misfortune of a group of members of Congress a dozen years ago? If Senator PAYNE was the one man in the country who should have demanded most earnestly thorough investigation of the scandal of his election, Senators of the United States should be unanimous in showing that they feel with the whole country the indecency of voting upon questions affecting their own pecuniary interests.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

THE appointive civil service of the city of New York, with the exception of the employés of the Board of Education and of certain deputy and judiciary officers, is subject to the civil service law of the State, and it would seem to be the most unpromising field for the success of the reformed system. Success would require a Mayor and chief of departments in sincere sympathy with the reform, a supervisory board of great intelligence and tact, and confidence upon the part of applicants that the law is a permanent law and honestly administered. The last condition would depend, of course, upon the first two mentioned, and it is one of the encouraging signs of

reform that nowhere is it more faithfully and successfully enforced than in this city, and that the conviction of this fact is rapidly growing among those who seek municipal employment.

The second annual report of the Supervisory Board of Commissioners is a plain and satisfactory statement of the scope, methods, and results of the reformed system in the city service. No one who reads the examination papers which are included in the report, together with the explanatory details, but will perceive, as is always the case upon investigation, the sound sense and efficacy of the system. For the general result very great credit is due to Mayor GRACE, who has coöperated throughout with the Commission with the utmost good faith and interest, and whose civic administration, if it were distinguished only by the introduction of this reform, would rank among the most beneficent in the municipal annals. Had the Mayor been really hostile, or merely skeptical and indifferent, the result of the reformed system might readily have been made to appear futile, and so have seriously weakened the public confidence. But the fidelity and energy of the Mayor, with the intelligence and good sense of the Commissioners, Messrs. E. P. WHEELER, E. L. GODKIN, and E. R. ROBINSON, and of the Secretary and Chief Examiner, Mr. CHARLES H. WOODMAN, and the cordial assistance of Chief BONNER and Inspector BYRNES, of the Fire and Police departments, in enforcing the law, have demonstrated to all applicants that the rules are honestly observed, and that competitors are judged solely by their proved ability and merit, and that "inflooence" and "pulls" are absolutely disregarded. The working of the system in the Police and Fire departments, under the officers we have mentioned, has been in the highest degree satisfactory, and the examinations for Inspector and Superintendent of Police and for superintending gardener of the Department of Public Works have signally proved the adaptability and adequacy of the reformed system.

The facts and figures of a report like this of the city service furnish the strongest argument for reform. Nothing turns the laugh so completely upon the sneerers at a sensible system as the proof of its practical success. The reformed methods of selection do not fill the Police and Fire departments with broken-down clergymen and decayed school-masters and college prigs, but with vigorous, stalwart, alert, and intelligent men, who understand their duties, and discharge them effectively, and who are not ward bummers or the tools of bosses. It is probable *a priori* that the honest examination of applicants for those services by men of experience who know what the duties demand will be a better guarantee of capacity and fitness than the recommendation of a ward committee or a member of Congress. But the point is not to be settled by theory. The facts prove it.

UNCERTAINTY IN ENGLAND.

LORD SALISBURY may announce his Ministry before this paper is issued, but his task is not easy, for two reasons: one is that there are few able leaders in the Tory party, and the other is that the Tory party, apart from the question of an Irish Parliament, has not an actual majority in the House of Commons. The poverty of the Tories is shown by the fact that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL seems to be the most important member of the party after Lord SALISBURY. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has the gifts of wise leadership and of sagacious and practical statesmanship, they are yet to be proved. His elevation is the reward of faith, not of works. Meanwhile the Liberals will maintain their separate organization. Lord HARTINGTON declines to join the Ministry, or to give any pledge except that of friendly support. He is a Whig of "long descent," and the Liberals are more and more radical, and if in Liberal clubs the portrait of JOHN BRIGHT has been turned to the wall as that of a "lost leader," the party feeling would seem to be too hostile to all the anti-GLADSTONE Liberals to permit Lord HARTINGTON to resume his place in the party.

The situation is therefore very obscure. It seems to be understood that the Tories are coming in for a long term. But even this appears to be uncertain at this distance, because it is impossible to calculate the force of party spirit in bringing together the Liberal members of Parliament in a sudden emergency or upon some unforeseen question. The only thing which is indisputable is that the Irish problem is not solved, and that its solution is imperative. Like our slavery question, it cannot be disposed of by neglecting it, or by assumptions of its settlement by an election. The election of FRANKLIN PIERCE was hailed as the end of antislavery agitation. He received 254 electoral votes to 42 for General SCOTT. But his election marked only the beginning of the last and most earnest stage of the controversy. It is hardly conceivable that the Irish agitation for home rule will cease until either home rule is substantially granted or the island is placed under martial law. In the latter case the agitation would recommence promptly with the cessation of military rule. It is hardly possible that any Tory Irish policy would satisfy the home rulers. For not only is the Tory party naturally opposed to the desires of the PARNELL party, but the late election was an undoubted English declaration against home rule which the Tories would not wish to disregard.

It is suggested that the Tory policy will be a Jingo policy, and that there will be carelessness of provoking war, because during war measures of severe repression in Ireland would be much more practicable. But in such a course the Tories would have to reckon with Liberal opposition. The anti-GLADSTONE party would not be a war party for Tory purposes. Indeed, the whole situation in England is so doubtful that the press scarcely speculates upon the future, and guesses at the personal composition of the cabinet rather than upon its policy. Doubtless Mr. PARNELL and his friends have been greatly impressed by the result of the vote. The enthusiasm for GLADSTONE had probably deceived them, and they counted upon success. But they have seen England stirred to its depths, and pronouncing decisively against them. No question was ever more plainly presented at the polls, or more unequivocally answered. Much, indeed, has been gained. Home rule is now an imperial and not a local or factional question, and its leader is the late Prime Minister. But its accomplishment is deferred, if not indefinitely, yet for a long time. But with all the Irish disappointment the result will probably benefit the cause by restraining excesses. Mr. PARNELL and his friends will see, of course, that the way to make the English vote which abstained openly hostile is to countenance outrages. The way to win favor for home rule is to prove fitness for it.

"A WORD FOR THE IRISH."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Buffalo *Commercial*, in lately speaking "A Word for the Irish," agrees that to a certain degree they have laid themselves open to the charge of turbulence and lawlessness, but holds that these are not essential qualities of the Irish character, and are due to special causes. He proceeds to quote the penal laws in Ireland against the Roman Catholics, which were monstrous. We do not disagree with the correspondent, but it is only fair to remember that at the time of these Protestant laws oppressing Catholics in Ireland, the Catholic laws still oppressed Protestants in Spain and elsewhere, and the situation is to be regarded historically as incidental to the great religious controversy.

This, however, does not affect the natural effect of such laws upon Irish feeling and tradition, which remains in the strong Irish hostility to English dominion, and which no wise legislator can disregard. The correspondent proceeds to infer what the result in Ireland would have been, so far as regards peace and order, if English legislation had treated the Irish as American laws treat them. The actual emigrant to this country may bring a sentiment of hostility to the government, because government traditionally means to him injustice and wrong. But the children of emigrants, as they become truly Americanized, lose this disposition, and he finds a very great difference between the Irish in this country to-day and those of twenty-five years ago.

Indeed, he goes so far as to doubt whether we shall see again an "Irish mob" like those of 1863 in New York, and of 1865 in Buffalo, and he cites the gallant police in Chicago, who behaved as heroically in the recent cowardly and bloody anarchist riots as the Union soldiers upon any battle-field of the war. The correspondent adds what everybody will read with pleasure, and what unquestionably will be true wherever the Irishman treats the worm of the still as St. Patrick treated other snakes in Ireland:

> "Twenty-five years ago an enormous majority of the offenders brought before the police magistrates in our large cities were Irishmen. I believe that at present, taking the average of the year, the police records will show only a fair proportion of Irish offenders, as compared with those of other nationalities, and it may fairly be said that the Irish in this country have been transformed from a lawless, turbulent body of men into a body of citizens who are, on the whole, as peaceful and law-abiding as any who have come to us from foreign lands."

A PUBLIC WRONG.

THERE may have been some good reason why the nomination of Mr. MORRIS A. THOMAS as an Indian Inspector, against whom there were charges of ballot-box stuffing and of other frauds which have not been to our knowledge disproved, should not have been withdrawn. But after deliberation the Republican committee of the Senate reported favorably, and despite the earnest protests of its chairman, Senator DAVIS, THOMAS was confirmed by the votes of the Democratic and six Republican Senators.

We have seen no reason for the nomination suggested except that Senator GORMAN and his clique wished it, and no reason for the confirmation except the courtesy of the Senate. If the courtesy of the Senate requires that body to make a ballot-box stuffer an Indian Inspector, the sooner the Senate becomes discourteous the better; and if the President, unless satisfied of the innocence of Mr. THOMAS, should have withdrawn the nomination, the Senate, unless satisfied of the same thing, should have rejected it. To confirm a nomination which the Senate has reason to believe ought not to have been made, solely for the reason that it has been made, and that a Senator desires it to be confirmed, is a betrayal of a public trust.

No Republican Senator who has made himself a party to the confirmation of such a nomination, as Messrs. INGALLS, CAMERON, MILLER, SABIN, TELLER, and PLUMB are reported to have done in the case of Mr. THOMAS, unless they are satisfied that he has been wrongfully accused, can honorably denounce upon the stump the improper appointments of the President. The Senate rejected the nomination of a postmaster because of a scurrilous article upon General GRANT. Its confirmation of THOMAS shows that it considers an actual fraud upon the people to be more compatible with the honest discharge of public official duty than an explosion of newspaper rhetoric about an eminent citizen.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

THE new and excellent rule of the Civil Service Commission to which we alluded last week, which prohibits the deputy and secretary of nominating and appointing officers from serving as chairman or secretary of boards of examination, excludes the secretary of the New York Collector and the special deputy from such positions, and shows that we were unjust in hinting that the change in the New York board was designed to injure the reformed system.

The VEAZIE report was admirable, and the rule prohibiting the chairman of the examining board from showing the eligible list to the nominating or appointing officer, as well as the rule excluding the deputy and secretary from official control of the examining board, is strictly a measure of reform. Had the last rule accompanied the order for reorganizing the boards, that order would not have been open to our criticism.

The difficulties of the Commission are undoubtedly many, and its action is very closely watched and summarily judged. But we should be very sorry to cast unjust suspicion upon its action, and we therefore gladly state that the latter rule corrects the inevitable impression of the order. We trust that the Commission will find it practicable to provide that such confidential officers as the rule affects shall be excluded altogether from the examining boards.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP RILEY, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Mexico, now on a visit to this city, has gathered a most interesting portfolio of wood-cuts, lithographs, steel-engravings, and photographs, illustrative of the landscapes, buildings, and inhabitants of that remarkable country. Many of the photographs were taken under his direction. The Bishop speaks Spanish, Italian, and English with equal fluency. His church property in the city of Mexico, which with the aid of some friends in the United States he bought for $35,000, is now estimated to be worth $1,000,000.

—New-Yorkers who travel by rail daily to and from the suburbs divert the tedium in various ways: sometimes with whist, generally with newspapers, occasionally with conversation. One of them was seen the other morning playing chess all by himself while the cars were making forty miles an hour. He held in his left hand a book containing chess problems, and a small card-board on which were marked the black and white squares. The chessmen were small pieces of paper, on which representations of kings, queens, castles, and so on, were printed. Following the order of the moves given in the book, he played the game by changing the positions of the pieces of paper, each square having below it a slit into which the piece of paper could be thrust, and firmly held, no matter how much the car shook. Meantime he smoked a cigar.

—Deacon CHAPIN, of Springfield, Massachusetts, was one of the founders of the city, and his descendants have commemorated his act by commissioning the sculptor ST. GAUDENS to put him in bronze. The figure is that of an Oliver Cromwellian Puritan, in a long cloak, and with a stout stick, striding about his business. It has just been taken to the foundery, and will soon be exhibited to the public in the open air previous to its departure for Springfield. Paris sculptors adopt a similar course in similar circumstances before sending their statues to the provinces, in order that their friends may judge of their work under conditions analogous to those for which the work was intended.

—A well-known poet and littérateur of this city had a disagreement with his landlady. She sued him for $77. He called for a bill of particulars, and the sum was reduced to $35. He won the case, and she was compelled to pay the costs to the amount of $55. A few days afterward his lawyer sent him a bill of $50 for defending the suit. The bill has not been paid, and another suit is imminent. The poet is now inditing some verses on "Justice's Injustice."

—Mr. W. J. STILLMAN has been questioning the latest discoveries of Dr. SCHLIEMANN, who, he says, "finds out what he seeks wherever he goes, from the bed Ulysses cut out of a tree trunk to Priam's treasure, not in Priam's Troy." Mr. STILLMAN is supported in his views by Mr. PENROSE, the architect who established a great reputation by discovering the secret of the system of curvatures in the Parthenon.

—Madame PATTI sang at a benefit of Colonel MAPLESON in the Drury Lane Theatre, London, on the 15th of July, before a very large audience. The opera was *The Barber of Seville*, and her Rosina was as graceful and sprightly as ever, according to the critic of the London *Times*. In the lesson scene she introduced two waltzes, "one prettier than the other," composed by Signor ARDITI. NICOLINI and DEL PUENTE were in the caste.

—Mr. A. B. FROST, whose drawings have often delighted the readers of this journal, has removed his studio from Long Island to the outskirts of West Conshohocken, Pennsylvania.

—Lord TENNYSON has erected a tablet in Freshwater Church in memory of his son LIONEL, with the following inscription:

In memoriam L. T.
Filii, mariti, fratris carissimi,
Formâ, mente, morum simplicitate,
Laudem inter aequales mature adepti,
Famam quoque in republicâ, si vita suffecisset,
Sine dubio adepturi.
Obdormivit in Christo,
Apr. XX anno Christi MDCCCLXXXVI,
Et in mari apud Perim Indorum sepultus est.

—Mr. FREDERICK BARNARD, the artist, and the illustrator of Mr. BLACKMORE'S novel now in course of publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, has just finished another series of his characters from DICKENS. He receives some handsome compliments from the London *Spectator*, which finds him "a tragic rather than a comic artist; one who might give us satires almost as powerful in their way as the paintings of HOGARTH." His drawing of Uriah Heep is "almost equal to the drawing of Fagin in the condemned cell by the late Mr. CRUIKSHANK; it has the same tragic qualities, and the same entire fitness to the character which the author described."

—The Prince of Wales sold recently by auction some short-horn cattle and Southdown sheep, which he had raised on his farm at Sandringham. The Princess of Wales and her daughters LOUISE, VICTORIA, and MAUD were present. Luncheon was served under a huge tent, and the health of their Royal Highnesses was proposed by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon in his capacity of a Norfolk farmer. It would be well for Norfolk farmers, said he, if all of them had such a wife as it is the good fortune of the Prince of Wales to possess. The Prince responded gracefully, and urged his audience to "bid well" for the sheep and cattle. The highest price received was $1150 for a two-year-old red heifer.

HUBERT O. THOMPSON.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY PACH BROTHERS.

GENERAL BOULANGER, FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR.—[SEE PAGE 503.]

WILLIAM HUNTER.

HUBERT OGDEN THOMPSON.

WHEN it was announced that HUBERT O. THOMPSON, the acknowledged leader of the County Democracy organization in the city of New York, had died suddenly in his bed on the 26th of July, few realized that he was so young a man. For several years he had been, with the possible exception of JOHN KELLY, the most conspicuous figure in local politics, and yet he was less than thirty-eight years of age, having been born in Boston on the 14th of December, 1848. His father, CEPHAS G. THOMPSON, who survives him, was an artist, and at the age of five the boy was living in Rome with his parents. On returning to this country they settled in New York. HUBERT was then eight years of age, and was sent to a public school. On leaving school he entered a broker's office. He had, however, a strong liking for political activity, and in 1871, at the age of twenty-three, he joined the Young Men's Democratic Club. He first exhibited his skill as a manager in securing the election of a young friend, THOMAS COOPER CAMPBELL, to the Assembly. CAMPBELL was a son of ALLAN CAMPBELL, then Commissioner of Public Works, and in return for his service to his friend, THOMPSON obtained the position of Deputy Water Purveyor, and subsequently became Commissioner CAMPBELL's private secretary. Up to 1877 he had associated himself with the Tammany Hall organization, but in that year went out with EDWARD COOPER, WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, and others, and took a prominent part in organizing the County Democracy, which achieved its first victory in the election of COOPER for Mayor of the city. On the removal of HENRY A. GUMBLETON from the office of County Clerk in 1879, he was appointed to the place, and gained access to the office by strategy in the night. This first made his name conspicuous, and in December, 1880, he was appointed Commissioner of Public Works by Mayor COOPER, and became thereafter the acknowledged leader of the County Democracy. Mr. THOMPSON took an active part in the canvass of 1884 in behalf of CLEVELAND's nomination and election, but, on account of his political character and methods, failed to obtain the appointment of Collector of the Port of New York under the new administration, which he greatly desired. Mr. THOMPSON was unmarried, and though a generous liver, was the main-stay of a family consisting of his father and mother, an unmarried sister, and the widow and children of a deceased brother.

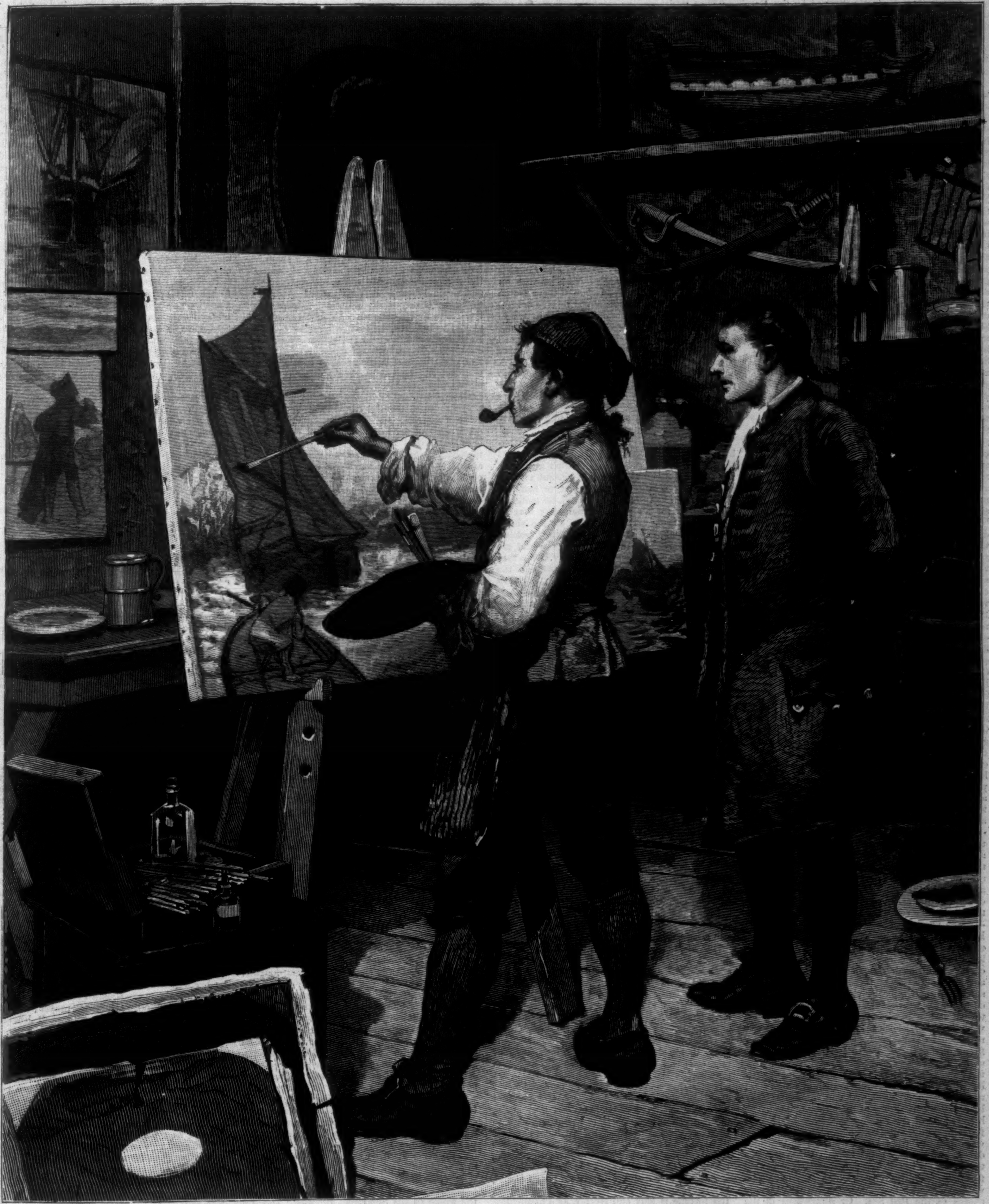
WILLIAM HUNTER.

MR. WILLIAM HUNTER, whose death occurred at Washington on the 22d of July, leaves behind him a longer record of faithful continuous service in one department of the national government than can be claimed for any other official, past or present, since the government began. He entered the employ of the State Department on the 22d of May, 1829, and serving continuously in various capacities under thirteen Presidents and twenty-one Secretaries of State, had therefore completed, on the day of his death, a period of just fifty-seven years and two months spent in the service of the Department of State. The office of Second Assistant Secretary of State, to which he was commissioned by President JOHNSON, and which he had held since July 27, 1866, was especially created for him by an act of Congress as a reward for his faithfulness during the critical period before the war and the long and trying season which followed. For nearly forty years his official life conspicuously reflected the unjust and inequitable workings of the civil service. Twice he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State in times of emergency, only to be deposed for some more favored though less efficient person when the emergency had passed.

Any notice of Mr. HUNTER must introduce the names of many distinguished statesmen. His father was a Senator of the United States, and afterward, from 1834 to 1845, Minister to Brazil. He was born at Newport, November 8, 1805, and when fifteen years old entered the Military Academy at West Point, but was unable to complete the course because of an affection of his eyes. He then studied law, and began practice at the bar in New Orleans in 1826. Failing health compelled his return to the North, and being a proficient French and Spanish scholar, he was given an appointment as translator in the State Department, MARTIN VAN BUREN being then Secretary of State. In 1833 he was made Chief of the Departmental Bureau, which office he retained for fifteen years, under the ministries of LIVINGSTON, FORSYTH, CALHOUN, BUCHANAN, WEBSTER, and others. At the death of WILLIAM S. DERRICK on May 17, 1852, he was made Chief Clerk, that being then the highest clerical office in the department.

For the past forty years Mr. HUNTER had been one of the best-known citizens of Washington, and was universally beloved. His death was the result of a complication of diseases incident to old age.

ARRIVING AT AN EMIGRANTS' BOARDING-HOUSE IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. P. BODFISH.—[SEE PAGE 503.]



"HE STOOD AT HIS EASEL, A KNITTED NIGHTCAP ON HIS HEAD, AND IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, AND A TOBACCO-PIPE BETWEEN HIS LIPS."

THE WORLD WENT VERY WELL THEN.*

By WALTER BESANT.

Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," "The Chaplain of the Fleet," "So They Were Married," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE "COUNTESS OF DORSET" SAILS.

"I always knew," said Jack, "that Mr. Brinjes had been a pirate. I believe he was surgeon to Bartholomew Roberts, who was killed by Captain Sir Ogle Chaloner in the *Swallow*. Wherefore he ought, if he had his deserts, to be now hanging in chains with his brother pirates on the Cape Coast. Fifty of them there are dangling in a row. Now we know that he is a cannibal as well, because it is certain he must have eaten up the other four men in the boat. I wonder how the last two determined the matter? And we know that he is the possessor of a great fortune buried under a palm-tree, on an undiscovered island in the South Seas. It is as useful to him as a bag of diamonds in the moon."

"But he says that he shall sail with you in search of it."

"Likely, likely," said Jack. "Who knows what may happen? He is, I take it, now a hundred years old. He keeps himself alive by his craft. If he was going to die, I suppose he would begin to repent. As for his treasure, what do I care for his pieces of eight, unless it were to buy a frigate and man her with a gallant crew, and go fighting the Spaniards and the French?"

They were prophetic words, but this we knew not. Yet you shall hear.

Then the *Countess of Dorset* sailed away, with Jack as one of her midshipmen, upon her long and perilous voyage. She was under orders to sail by way of the Cape of Good Hope, and to survey the coast of that vast unknown continent or island called in part New Holland and in another New Guinea. This accomplished, as far as might be possible, her Captain was instructed to cross the ocean and explore that other great island called New Zealand. She was to search after and report upon places which might be of advantage to the British flag. After this she was to continue her voyage of discovery even into the antarctic fields of ice; to penetrate as near to the south pole as was possible, and she was to return by doubling Cape Horn. So that, had she come home in safety, her crew would have circumnavigated the globe.

It would seem, I venture to think, consistent with the dignity as well as with the interest of a great maritime people, such as the English, were such voyages as this always afoot, so that when one exploring ship returned another might be despatched; undertaken not only for the discovery of unknown continents and islands, but also for the enlargement of commerce and the enriching of this realm. In the old days the world was nothing but the Mediterranean with the lands lying around that great sea. Man has extended it east and west, north and south, so that we can now boast that we know all the islands of the Atlantic and the Indian Ocean—navigators say that in those seas there remains no more to be found—with the countries of Asia (even China and Japan have

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1541.

been described and exactly mapped by the Roman Catholic missionaries). We know the eastern coast of North and South America from Labrador to Cape Horn, and we are able to lay down the harbors and river mouths of Africa, though of its interior little has yet been visited.

There will perhaps come a time, if the English take the matter in hand without fear of Spain, when the whole world shall be fully explored, so that there will be nothing left to discover, neither strange races nor strange creatures nor wonderful plants. My father, who had in his library a copy of the great *Mappa Mundi*, or Atlas, of the late learned Mr. Senex, would often converse seriously on the possibility of finding in some hitherto unexplored part of the world the long-lost Ten Tribes, still, he would fondly imagine, practising the Levitical law in its Mosaic integrity, without adding to it or subtracting from it, and in ignorance of the glosses introduced by Rabbinical and Talmudic doctors. He looked to find this people in vast numbers (in conformity with prophecy) somewhere between the springs of Tigris and Euphrates, or perhaps more to the north, and even on the slopes and among the valleys of the mountains called Caucasus; but he would confess, without crediting the idle legend of the Sambatyon River, which seems a monstrous story, they may have wandered farther afield, and perhaps are now on some remote island of the Black Sea, the Red Sea, or even the Indian Ocean. "The recovery of these tribes," he said, "would be a great consolation to pious persons, and would doubtless prove a mighty weapon in the hands of the faithful; or, apart from the Israelites—though this people must be ever foremost in our thoughts—it may very well be that there exist, in some remote countries which have had no intercourse with the outer world for many centuries, some people who were once a branch of the Roman Empire, and have never heard of its decline and fall, who know nothing of Christ or Mohammed, or of the Hindoo superstitions, but still worship after the manner of the Greeks and Romans. 'Twould be strange indeed to witness the rites of Jove and Venus; those of the great Sun god; of Ceres, the goddess of fertility; of Bacchus, the god of joy and wine; and of Pan, of whose death these people perhaps know not. Or it would be strange to see them flocking to consult the oracles. And one would willingly, if it were allowed to a Christian, be initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis, long since lost, though some have pretended that they are concealed in the Sixth Book of Virgil's Æneid, and some still look for them in Apuleius's Golden Ass. Again, there must be somewhere on earth the Wandering Jew, named Cartaphilus, Ahasuerus, or, according to others, Isaac Laquedem, who is credibly reported to have been last seen, and that not so very long ago, in Paris. To sit down and talk with him, if his memory is still good, would be like finding a Fifth Gospel. Or there may be in the interior of that great southern continent which they call New Holland great and powerful nations, with another civilization than our own, and arts of which we know nothing. We have, it is true, invented gunpowder, the use of which, to rude people, appears a kind of magic, and we have contrived by our wit many ingenious mechanical devices. But there are surely many other secrets which man can compel nature to surrender; and there may be tribes which possess these secrets—as, for example, if one may so speak without blasphemy, the command and control of lightning, which now strikes here and there at random, as we say—if anything in this world is suffered to be at random; and the mastery over the other elements of the earth—the wind, the storm, the ice, the snow—which now only obey the word and will of the Lord. Or there may have been discovered in those countries—who knows?—a universal medicine for all diseases; for since death is the necessary result of decay or disease, when it is not accident, there may be races who have discovered some herb or simple by virtue of which natural decay may be prevented, and so man may continue to live as long as he please—which for the devout Christian, who looks forward to his eternal rest, would not be long. Or there may even be found offshoots or colonies of such ancient races as the Phœnicians, of which stock came the Carthaginians; and so we may perhaps at length learn by what accident this branch of the Semitic race—a most civilized and cultivated branch—hath left no literature at all, either of poetry or history; or of the Ethiopians, called by Homer, for some reason unknown to us, blameless. They were expelled from Egypt by the people whose descendants are now called Copts. Without doubt they were an interesting people, and remarkable for their primitive virtue, which may have survived. I would look for them on the western shores of the Red Sea. Or somewhere in the world, perhaps in the Pacific Isles, or in the unknown heart of Africa, or the great continent of the southern seas, there may be races of giants, dwarfs, and Amazons; for there must certainly be some foundation for the stories of such people. There is also the far-famed kingdom of Prester John, which some will have to be the Empire of Abyssinia, whose king and people are known to form a branch of the Christian Church. They boast themselves to be descended from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, which may possibly be the case, although Holy Writ affords no warrant for the belief. One would be pleased to learn also if the many strange stories narrated by the Venetian traveller Marco Polo be true, or whether he hath repeated things which were merely related to him, as is done by Herodotus. And again, there is the journey of Mandeville, in which are described men with but one leg, and hippotains, or creatures half horse, half man, so that there may be truth in the legends of Centaurs, though some have thought them to have been merely a people loving horses, and addicted to riding.

"Then to descend to creatures: there are existing somewhere, perhaps, whether in the hot and burning forests of South America, through which the great river Oroonoko flows, or in the African deserts, creatures like the winged dragons of which so many stories have been told, with salamanders and other monsters; and in the sea, hideous monsters with bodies many fathoms long, the vast mass floating like an island on the ocean; and great calamaries, of which sailors have reported some with long arms capable of seizing and dragging down to the bottom of the sea ship, cargo, crew, and all."

Thus my father would discourse at length; but Jack hath assured us that in this terrible voyage of his they encountered nothing bigger than a whale, or more terrible than a shark; nor any winged dragon, or serpent more dreadful than the kinds already known; while as for the Ten Tribes, or for any men who know more than the Europeans, or have acquired a form of civilization worthy our attention, he does not believe that there are any such.

We looked not for any news of the *Countess of Dorset* for three years at least, because on the voyage on which she was bound there are no friendly ports where a vessel may receive or send home despatches, though, doubtless, many where fruit and water may be obtained. We did not expect, therefore, to hear any tidings of her until she should return. It was not until fully three years had passed away that we first began to ask ourselves when the ship might be expected to return.

But no news came of the ship, and no letters from those aboard her. The fourth year passed, and still there came no news, and so the fifth, and still no news.

Then those who remembered Jack Easterbrook, and loved him, began to misdoubt that something had happened to the ship; and when the sixth year had almost gone without a word, there were few who kept up heart, or had any hope in them. As for the Admiral, he mourned for Jack as for his own son, believing that he must have been cast away with all the ship's company. "For," he said, "had they not all miserably perished, some intelligence would ere now have reached us. At the Navy Office they have written off the ship as wrecked, and the officers and crew as dead men, and the clerks have told the women who came to ask after their husbands that they may e'en look after fresh husbands; though this proves nothing. And though ships have been known to be delayed and forced back by continual and contrary winds, or caught by storms and losing their masts, yet did I never hear of a ship overdue for three years, and then arriving safe. Long ago the underwriters, had she been a merchant vessel, would have paid off the insurances. No, gentlemen, there is no hope. Our boy is drowned!"

"We were wrecked upon the island of Juan Fernandez," said Mr. Shelvocke, "where we lived, in great misery, on the entrails of seals and such like for many months; and should still be living there but for the armorer and carpenter, who built for us a craft thirty feet long, in which we embarked, having no other provision than conger-eel, cut into strips, each strip dipped into the sea and dried in the sun. A more loathsome food 'twere difficult to find. Yet we escaped, taking the Spanish ship the *Santo Jesu*, and so came safe home again."

"Then," said the Admiral, to whom this story was not new, "the boy may still live, or, at best, he may linger on some island among the savages, living on shell-fish and the like, and so is as good as dead, since we shall never see him more. Poor lad! poor lad! a braver boy never stepped."

"With submission, Admiral," said Mr. Brinjes. "That something must have befallen the ship I do not doubt. It is a sea full of coral reefs, sunken rocks, strange currents, and in the northern and southern parts there are, it is certain, sudden storms. We cannot guess what has happened; still, I am sure that the boy will come back to us. Ask your old negress, Admiral, who is a witch; ask Philadelphy if that boy's eyes when he sailed away were the eyes of one who is going to his death. She can read the eyes of men—ay, and has often read for me, sitting in my shop, in the eyes of those going forth to sea whether they will come back or no—and never once has she proved wrong. Now, Admiral, I have examined the chart over and over again, but can get no comfort from it, nor any clew to what may have happened. An ocean where there are no ports, and where there is but one vessel sailing across it, like the South Pacific, where the *Countess of Dorset* sailed upon—those waters can give no help. But that boy, Admiral, has not been drowned. And he will return to us. His fortune is long and stormy, as Philadelphy, at my request, hath proved in many ways—by the bowl, by the cards, by the mirror, and by the glass ball. I have also had his nativity calculated, and I learn the same story. And by what small arts and knowledge I possess, I have learned that his life will not be cut off untimely. What, gentlemen? Do the stars lie? Is there no truth in the magic of the Mandingo woman?"

It is a consolation to know that a happy end to anxiety is certain, even by witchcraft. Yet Jack did not return, and no news concerning his ship.

Many of the crew were Deptford men—volunteers after the peace. Their wives, or widows, on the advice of the clerks in the Navy Office—who were now without hope concerning the ship—married again. This, however, is common among seafaring folk, and the worst that happens, should the husband come home again, is generally no more than a fight and a cracked skull, with forgiveness over a bowl. Nay, there have been known cases in which the true husband has contentedly renounced his wife, and either married another woman or gone away to sea again; perhaps to seek out a new wife in some other port.

These six years, as you may suppose, were not spent at home without changes. The elders seem to stand still and suffer no change during six years, unless it is that their locks, if they had any to show, would grow gray; but in these days of wigs and shaven cheeks there is nothing (happily) to mark the approach of age, save the trembling limb and the crow's-feet, which cannot be concealed. As for me, I was fourteen or thereabouts when the *Countess of Dorset* sailed away, and therefore, after six years, I was twenty, and a man grown, though not to the robust stature promised by Jack when he left us. Castilla was now past eighteen, and, in my eyes, more beautiful, as they say, than the flowers in May. Nothing surprised me more when Jack returned (for I promise you that the black witch was right, and Jack did return) than his coldness toward this nymph. If a fine complexion, eyes of heavenly blue, melting lips, rosy cheeks, and smiling mouth, with light hair curling naturally about her forehead, and a figure slight and tall: in short, if Hebe herself—who was the goddess of youthful and virginal beauty, as Venus is the goddess of that riper beauty which is no longer ignorant of love—was lovely, then was Castilla at that time, and as sweet, gracious, and obliging as ever was Hebe, the cup-bearer to the gods. Why, when Jack came home, I looked to see him fall at her feet at the mere contemplation of so much beauty. But no; he was stark insensible. Castilla moved him not: and this for a reason that you shall shortly learn.

It was during this six years—to speak for a moment of myself—that I passed through the greatest trouble of my life, and touched the highest happiness that I could hope or pray for. My father had, as he thought, set me apart for God's sacred ministry, as Samuel was set apart, from childhood. He had taught me from the first to consider this the holiest vocation for man, as, doubtless, it must be confessed by all; and he had taught me as much Latin and Greek, with the composition of Latin verses, as I was permitted by my natural parts, which are not great, to acquire. And while he perceived very well that it was not in my power to become a great scholar like himself, he comforted and encouraged me by the consideration that piety and virtue are within the power of every Christian man, together with the other qualities which adorn the sacred profession of priest or minister.

When I grew to the age of sixteen or thereabouts, the time at which a boy generally begins to bethink himself of the future, I found, first, that I could not look forward to the cassock without a feeling of repugnance; and, secondly, that there was no other manner of work in which I took any interest, save one, which for a while was not to be thought of. Indeed, I did not myself consider it possible, though I knew very well that there were some—nay, a good number—who live creditably by exercising the art of painting, which was the only thing I loved.

By this time I was arrived, by continual daily practice, and by some natural aptitude, at a certain proficiency, so that my drawings of ships and boats and the like were, if one may say so, creditable and fit to be shown to any judge of such matters. But when I ventured to hint, in my father's hearing, that a life spent in this occupation, which he considered frivolous, might be full of delight to one who loved drawing, the thing was received with so much displeasure that I dared not for some time to open the subject again, but went on, under his directions, making bad Latin verses and reading Cicero and Virgil.

I then began to consider my destined profession with such a distaste as amounted to abhorrence, insomuch that had I persisted in taking those vows which my father intended and designed for me, I should have committed a most deadly sin, if not the sin which is unpardonable. And yet I ventured not to open my conscience to my father, fearing his displeasure, and knowing very well how much he had set his heart upon my following in his footsteps. I was at length encouraged to do so, however, partly because it smote my soul with contrition to go on pretending acquiescence in my father's wishes, and partly by a thing which made my project appear more likely of success, or, at least, less likely to end in disastrous failure.

There was a certain John Brooking, of Deptford, now very well known to painters, and to such fame as belongs to modern painters. He was about ten years older than myself, and at first was but a shipwright's assistant in the yard, but had no heart for his work, and wasted his time in drawing the workshops, the docks, the timbers, bulkheads, anchors, everything that there is to be drawn in the yard, even giving up to his art the whole of his Sundays. He was a good-natured, harmless kind of man, who cared little for himself, and had no ambition except to paint all day, to earn enough for his daily wants, and to spend the evenings drinking with his friends. He presently left the yard and went away to London, designing to sell his drawings. But before he went he gave me great help in teaching me, so far as he himself knew them, the elements of perspective, with certain simple rules of geometry and the arrangement of lights, and showed me how to lay on water-colors, and how to get the proper tints, and how to produce the effects I desired. I know not how he lived for a while, but one day I met him in the streets of Deptford, and he told me with glee that he had found a man—a dealer in pictures—in Leicester Fields, who would buy his drawings of ships, as many as he chose to paint, at a guinea apiece (N.B.—He afterward found that this honest dealer sold the same pictures for ten guineas apiece), and that therefore he was now a made man, and had nothing to do but to go on with the work he loved, and paint every day; which he did, until he died of a consumption, brought on, I suspect, by much strong drink. However, I went to London, and visited him one day at his lodging. He had a single room at the top of a house in a court close to the Fields, where his friend the dealer had his shop; it was a good-sized room, with a large window looking north, which is the best direction for light. This was his painting-room, and his living-room, bedroom, and kitchen—all in one. Never was a room so littered and untidy and dirty. But John Brooking cared nothing for dirt. He worked there all day long, so long as the light lasted, or he made sketches and studies by the riverside, which he afterward made into finished pictures in this simple studio, where he stood at his easel, never tired, a knitted nightcap on his head, and in his shirt sleeves, and a tobacco-pipe, broken short off, between his lips; for he loved tobacco as much as any old gypsy woman.

Well, his success, such as it was (but indeed I thought of nothing then except how just to live by my work, so only that I could do the work I desired to do), inflamed me, and I resolved to tell all to my father; which, to make a long story short, I did, though with many misgivings.

He is dead now; and, I doubt not, hath gone to the rest provided for the faithful. It is a place where my love and gratitude may not reach him. I have never passed so unhappy a time as that when it seemed as if I must continue my preparation for the university, in order to perjure my soul by declaring falsely that I was singled out by Heaven to follow the holy calling of a minister; and I have never felt so truly happy as on that day when my father, with tears in his eyes, bade me vex my soul no longer, for it should be with me as I wished.

So I left Deptford, and went to London, to become a pupil of the celebrated Mr. Hayman; and I hope that I have since done justice to the instructions of that great painter. But I came home often, partly to sketch among the ships, and partly to see Castilla.

Enough of my affairs, which concern this story but little.

CHAPTER IX.

AARON FLETCHER.

The sixth year came—nay, it had run half its course and more—yet no news of the *Countess of Dorset*. And there was no longer any doubt that the ship was cast away, and all the crew long since dead. As for Jack, who had been our hope and our pride, of whom we had said that a youth so brave and so masterful must needs rise to greatness, and bring credit upon himself and those who had been his friends, none now ever spoke a word; or if they did, it was but to say that the loss of the boy had brought age upon the Admiral, and that 'twas a great pity a youth of such goodly promise should thus untimely perish. The stars had lied; witchcraft and magic had proved of no avail.

Jack was dead. In the club at the "Sir John Falstaff" his ship was never talked of, nor was there any further speculation as to her course, for the Admiral's sake, even by Mr. Brinjes. And by all the world the boy was wellnigh forgotten. When the greatest of living men, he whose name is most in men's mouths, dies, the daily life of the world is no whit changed; and his place, even in his own work, whatever that may be, is speedily filled up. What, then, can one expect in the case of a boy?

But in Mr. Brinjes's parlor, where now Bess Westmoreland sat every afternoon, for company, and to cheer the old man's heart, Jack was not forgotten. These two talked about him still. More than this—superstitiously trusting to the negress's magical practices—they confidently expected that he would return again. Well, in the event the forecast proved true; but if we are to trust to such an oracle, where is religion? If an ignorant negro woman is permitted to find out by her witchcraft the secrets of the future, and to foretell them, what shall become of religion? Then farewell faith; farewell prayer; farewell trust in divine Providence; farewell learning, since ignorance succeeds where wisdom fails.

In six years Bess had, like Castilla, grown from a child to a woman. She was now in her seventeenth year, not yet filled out to the fulness of her figure, but already tall and shapely. If she had been dressed in rags, she would have commanded attention; but she was careful of her dress, and went always becomingly attired, though not above her station (the coral beads that we know of were placed away in some drawer or box out of sight). She was so tall that she topped her father (but he was round-shouldered) by a head and neck, and there was no girl in all the town within her height by an inch and more; she bore herself like a lance, so straight and upright was she. Her nose and chin looked as if they had been carved by a skilful sculptor out of marble, so clear and delicate were they; her eyes were black, as was her hair; but rosy red her lips, and pearly white her teeth. Like many black-haired women, her cheek was full, but somewhat pale in color, and her throat was white, not with such a whiteness as lent another charm to the complexion of Castilla, which, although of a sweet and delicate white, yet glowed with a rosy warmth. The whiteness of Bess was a colder or deeper white—a white that does not reflect the light, such as some Italian painters have delighted to portray; her hands were small, and her forehead low, as the Greeks loved it; as for her eyes, they were soft and deep, save when she was roused, and then, indeed, they flashed fire and flame. As became her station, she wore no hoop, and dressed her hair in a simple knot; but she walked as if her limbs were of springing steel, and I am sure no princess in a hoop and patches could have walked more like a goddess; her arms, when she was at work, were the whitest ever seen, and the best shaped.

I have never disguised, and shall never dis-

guise, my belief, though Castilla will not agree with me—that is, she assents, but without warmth—that Bess was the most beautiful girl then living; and this I can the more fairly say, because I was never in love with her, any more than a painter is in love with his model. As for love between Bess Westmoreland and myself, that was always impossible. Yet for suitors she never lacked any, though she sent all away, not with discourtesy, or with mockery, or with mirth, as some girls will—as if it is a fine thing to dash the hopes of an honest lad, and as if lovers can be had for the trouble of picking them up—but with firmness and with dignity, being too proud to encourage them, or to suffer them to believe that she wanted their wooing. Some of them were substantial and reputable men, whom the daughter of a mere Penman might have been proud to marry. Why, if he had died, what would she have done for her daily bread? To my own knowledge one of her wooers was gunner's mate in the King's Navy, another was a master wheelwright in the King's Yard, a third was foreman in the Greenland Dock, and I dare say there were more of equally respectable place. It became a proverb that there was no man good enough for Bess Westmoreland; and the other girls, who might otherwise have been envious of her charms, regarded her with open admiration, because she was not only much more beautiful than themselves, yet wished to carry away none of their sweethearts.

One lover alone, out of all, stuck by her, and refused to take her "No" for an answer. This was Aaron Fletcher, now grown into a young giant, who carried on his father's business of boat-builder, yet was of roving disposition, and kept his smack at Gravesend or at Leigh, in which he went fishing. Those, however, who spoke of those fishing voyages were apt to laugh, and to ask why that fishing-boat never came back by daylight.

"I have told you," said Bess—"I have told you a hundred times, Aaron, that I will not listen to you. Wherefore go away in peace, and trouble me no longer. Why, there are dozens of other girls in Deptford, and plenty better-looking than me, would take you, and that joyfully."

"There are not plenty for me," he replied. "I want but one. And, Bess, I shall never give up asking. There's nobody in the world loves you better, or would do more for thee. Why am I not good enough? There's money in the stocking, Bess, now father is dead—ay! and more than you think—and more to come. There's as good business doing in my yard as in any boat-builder's on the river, not to speak of the smack, which does a tidy stroke, take year and year about. I am not a drunkard, though once a week or so I may take my glass with the rest. I am strong, and I am young. I wouldn't strike a woman nor treat her cruel. I'd be true and faithful. Come, Bess, what is the matter with me, that thou canst not say 'Yea'?"

Well would it have been for her, and for another, too, if she could have said "Yea," and taken him. Why did she not? He was tall and strong, and handsome of his kind; he was not esteemed to be ill-tempered; he was not at that time a drinker, save of a cheerful glass; he had a good character, save for the reputation of these fishing voyages of his, which did him no hurt with any one. Did not the Admiral himself put Aaron's Nantz upon his own table? He would have made Bess a good husband, if any could, because such a woman, if she is to be happy, must needs have a strong man for a husband, and one who will rule her and make her respect him. Well indeed it would have been for her if she had taken this brave fellow; but she could not.

"Bess," he said, "you can't be thinking still upon that midshipman? Why, he was but a boy, and you were a child. He's cast away and dead long ago; and if he was not, he wouldn't remember you."

But she made no reply.

"Tisn't for love of him, Bess, is it? Why, I fought him half a dozen times; and if he were to come back, I would fight him again."

She laughed scornfully. "'Tis true, Aaron, the last fight I saw; and where were you at the end of it? Rubbing your head, and looking ruefully at your broken finger. And where was Jack? Walking away with a laugh. But don't talk to me about Jack. Perhaps he is dead. Living or dead, I don't suppose he would remember or care for a poor girl like me. But I can't marry you, Aaron."

"You shall," he said, with an oath. "You shall. I will make you promise to marry me."

This was a prophecy not made by an oracle. Yet, strange to say, it came true—in a sense. To be sure, it was not the sense that Aaron intended. It has been observed that such prophecies, together with all the prophecies of witches and magicians, when they do come true, never happen in the way hoped for when the prophecy is uttered. Certainly, as you shall see, Aaron's prophecy did turn out true, but the result was not what he had expected and desired. In the same way Mr. Brinjes's prediction about the South Sea also proved true, yet not in the sense desired and expected by him. As you shall also discover.

"Very well," said Bess, "I will promise to marry you, Aaron—when I love you. Can a girl say fairer? Go away now, Aaron; go away and find some other woman who wants to go marrying, and take pity on her, if you can. But as for me, I will marry no man."

However, he renewed his importunity, offering her presents, which she refused, such as parcels of lace, flasks of Nantz for her father, rolls of silk, and so forth, all got, I doubt not, in the way of his fishing, and always declaring, in his masterful way, that sooner or later she should promise to marry him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SMOKING-ROOM ON THE OCEAN.

No other reminiscences of travel on the Mississippi River when that was the great highway from the Northwest to the Southwest have such vitality as the tales about gamblers and gambling.

Professional gamblers lived on these boats, and the travelling gentlemen who played as a diversion were likely to find every journey up or down the river a costly one. Professional gamblers have never "given character to" the ocean steamships as they did to the Mississippi River boats, and their exploits have not taken a prominent place in the literature of transatlantic travel. On many steam-ships, however, gambling has at times come near to being a fixed custom, and men have made ocean voyages for the gains they hoped to get in the smoking-room. As ocean travel has come to be much like any other travel, a journey of a few days with almost as many opportunities for recreation as a traveller has at home, the gambling-room has become less and less an institution; and it is not now the habit of men to travel to and from Europe solely to play during the voyage. The smoking-room remains, however, and remains as available for gambling as for the more legitimate diversions it offers. It is sufficiently well patronized during most voyages to afford a number of persons on their way to the other side a foretaste of Monaco, or on their return to recall Baden-Baden. The traveller who "merely likes to look on" can see what gaming is, and have quite as good an opportunity to observe the play of sensations that give the players their excitement as in any gambling-house on either continent.

AN EMIGRANTS' BOARDING-HOUSE.

The sketch on page 500 of the new arrivals at an emigrants' boarding-house in New York city reproduces with fidelity some very interesting types. Through the open door, against a background of the bay and the Staten Island hills, and a middle distance of the Battery, a German woman and her son are seen, followed by a porter with a trunk on his shoulders. The figure of the German with an umbrella under his right arm is entirely characteristic, and will be recognized at once, and the old-fashioned little girl, whose hand rests upon the table where a pair of "boarding-house sharks" are contemplating the possibilities of their profession, might easily be taken for his daughter. All friends of the new-comers will hope that their stay in these quarters will be short, and that they will soon be on their way to the farm lands of the great West. To settle down under the conditions of tenement-house life in New York city would be a sad fate.

GENERAL BOULANGER.

The restless activity of the present French War Minister, his evident desire to build up the military prestige of France, and his energetic part in the expulsion of the Orleans princes, have led to many sensational reports regarding his aims and purposes. He has been credited with a desire to bring about a war of revenge with Germany, and royalist newspapers in Paris have tried with suspicious eagerness to foster the notion that he is aiming at a *coup d'état* and a military dictatorship of France. Notwithstanding his recent popularity and his evident desire to attract public attention to himself, there is nothing in General Boulanger's past career to justify the stir that has lately been made over his supposed designs. His life has been simply that of a soldier who has advanced rapidly, as opportunity offered, until he reached the rank of Major-General, and the command of a division of the French army.

Georges Boulanger was born at Rennes, the ancient capital of Brittany, in 1837, his mother being of English birth. He became a military student at Saint-Cyr, and in 1856 was appointed Sub-Lieutenant in the First Regiment of Algerian Tirailleurs at Blidah. He took part in the Kabyle Expedition under General Randon, and was present at the attack of Irdjetes Heights. In 1859 his regiment was sent to Italy, and he was wounded in the chest in the Turbigo skirmish, his gallantry earning him a place in the Legion of Honor. He returned to Africa in 1860, and was promoted to Lieutenant.

In the following year he went to Cochin China with his company, and was wounded at Waidan in the thigh. He attained a Captaincy in 1862, and in 1866 was assigned to the position of drill-master at Saint-Cyr, where he remained until the declaration of war against Germany in 1870. He was in the army at Paris, and in November of that year became Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourteenth Infantry. His shoulder was fractured by a ball at the battle of Champigny, and he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor. In January, 1871, he took command of his regiment as Colonel, receiving his fourth wound, this time in the elbow, while at its head, and attaining the exceptional distinction for so young an officer of Commander of the Legion of Honor. He was put back to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by the Revenue Commission after the war, but was deputed in 1872 to organize the One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment, and placed on the promotion list, gaining command of the new regiment in 1874. He retained this command until 1880, when he became a Brigadier-General. Being anxious to become acquainted with cavalry service, he obtained command of a brigade in the Fourteenth Army Corps. He was a member of the French delegation to this country to take part in the centenary of the battle of Yorktown in 1881, and attracted attention by his alert and affable ways. On his return to France he took command of his brigade at Lyons, and was soon after intrusted with the office of Director of Infantry under the Minister of War. He worked hard in reforming and strengthening the military organization, and resigned in 1884 to take command of a division in Africa, where he transformed the expeditionary force in Tunis into a permanent force of occupation. On the formation of the De Freycinet Ministry at the beginning of the present year he was made Minister of War, and began that display of energy and spirit which has produced so much apparent disquiet in France.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The forms of politeness are pleasant to see. Generations of English-speaking people who have been in France have extolled the courtesy which they found there, though neither in England nor in this country has there ever been any wide-spread imitation of it. In New York to-day there are a great many people who get along with very few of the manifestations of a polite nature. It is curious to think what the result would be if the New York public undertook to imitate the manners of some of the very polite peoples. A traveller, writing of the Swedes, says that the bulk of their time is spent in taking off their hats. Of course, with long practice, the action of taking off the hat may become almost automatic, and not interfere materially with a train of thought or with other occupations. But what would a New-Yorker think if, on his way downtown some morning, he were to see all the passengers on the elevated road taking off their hats as trains passed one another, or, in crossing the rivers, should behold the clustered thousands on the ferry-boats doffing their hats politely as often as one load came within view of another load? He would suspect the town had gone mad. He would look to see if the truckmen uncovered to one another, or if the policeman took off his hat to the offender whom he was about to club. But our omissions would seem rude in Sweden. "Passengers on the little steamers which ply about Stockholm," says the traveller, "invariably raise their hats to occupants of any other boat which passes near them. The very men in charge of the locks on the canal bow politely to the sailors as the boats go through."

It is reported that the people of Buffalo are much annoyed by a sort of bug which has never been remarked in that city previous to this season. The report does not say whether the new bugs have wings and are attracted by a light, like other winged insects. If they do have wings and the habits of ordinary insects, they must indeed be unpleasant visitors, for the report says that they are "three inches long, an inch wide, and armed with formidable-looking claws." To many people such bugs would seem more terrible than eagles.

An amateur astronomer writes to a London newspaper of certain observations made by him of "the surface of the planet Saturn." From the fact of his taking pains to state that his observations were confined to Saturn's surface, it is probable either that he did not choose to go further, or that his telescope was not an instrument of sufficient power to penetrate the planet's interior.

The Gwinnette (Georgia) *Herald* relates an interesting case of somnambulism which "occurred recently in Hog Mountain District. A gentleman who is in the habit of walking in his sleep had a dream. He dreamed that he saw a fine covey of partridges run along to an old house and go in. Thinking it a good opportunity to capture them, he cautiously approached the house, and jumping suddenly inside, closed the door after him. What was his astonishment to discover a mad dog in there! which rushed at him at once. His only chance was to jump out the window, and through it he went with a bound. When he awoke he was lying outside the house on the ground, having jumped through a window in his bedroom, and carried the sash with him. He was badly bruised, and his leg severely cut by the glass."

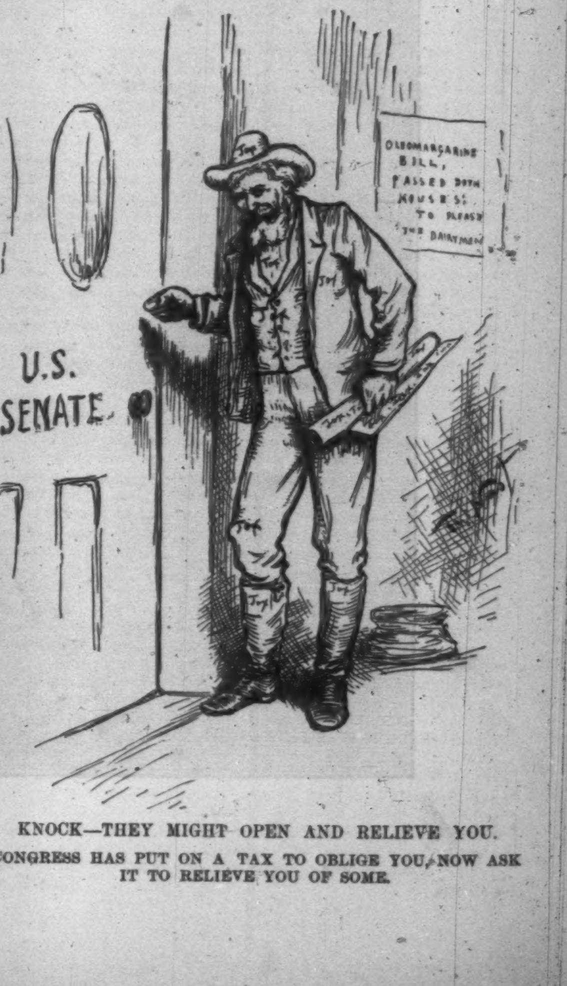
Somebody suggests, as one of a collection of rules for the amelioration of existence in apartment-houses, that portly men who have the habit of trotting and bouncing about shall be permitted only on the ground-floor. It is said to be a well-known fact that the average obese man who is under forty years of age is inclined to trot, and go with a hop and a skip, and do other similar things which are calculated to shake the earth. The fat man behaves in this way, the presumption is, not because he likes it or because it is at all easy, but in order to convince himself or demonstrate to others that he is really an agile and light-footed person. He sees that he is of a shape to lead his neighbors to suspect him of being ponderous, and his constant concern is to disabuse them of the erroneous impression. When he is engaged in convincing people, in the third story, say, the state of mind of people in the second story will readily be understood. Nature has denied to the heavy ostrich the power to fly, and the bouncing fat man belongs near the earth.

A saloon-keeper in Detroit, who is a Russian, was forever saying that Russian caviare was so much superior to any put up in this country that to one accustomed to the Muscovite product the caviare here was hardly tolerable. The curiosity of his patrons being at length aroused, he wrote to Russia asking for a can of caviare of the brand most popular in St. Petersburg at that time. It came duly, and the Russian on opening the package was edified to read upon the label of the can that the caviare enclosed was put up by a Detroit canning company, and was warranted to be made of the best roe of Lake St. Clair sturgeon.

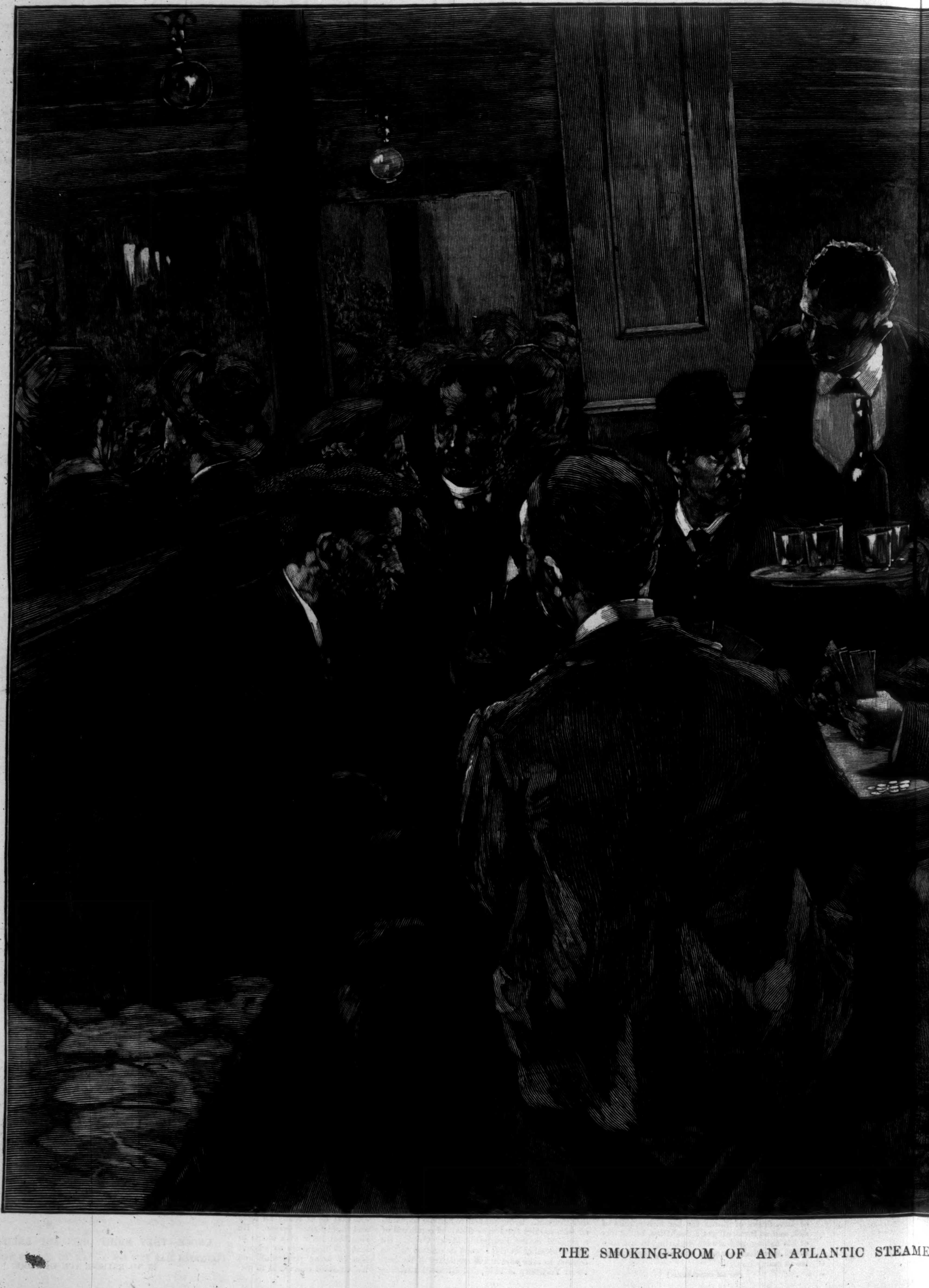
That wrong and trouble are not yet weeded out of the world is evident from an occurrence that is reported from Italy. On the birthday of the Queen of that country a little peasant girl sent a pair of stockings of her own knitting as a present to her Majesty. The Queen was pleased, and sent in return a pair of stockings, of which one contained a number of gold pieces, and the other a package of bonbons. A letter accompanied the gift, in which the Queen asked the little girl to write and say which stocking she found the nicer. To this the child replied: "Dear madam, the Queen, I have had nothing but trouble with the stockings: my father took the one with the gold pieces, and my brother the one with the sweets."

It is reported in a European newspaper that one extremely cold night there was a large gathering at a ball in Sweden. After some hours it became so hot in the room that several ladies fainted. An officer tried to open a window, but saw that the pressure of ice on the outside was holding it shut fast. He thereupon broke a pane, when a rush of cold air coming in produced an astonishing result. The atmosphere of the room had been charged with vapor from the breathing of the company, and the rush of cold air congealed it and caused it to fall in the form of snow upon the heads of the dancers. It was a remarkable and a beautiful sight, and at the same time an occurrence calculated to keep the doctors busy.

A Western journalist writes thus of the Mayor of his town, the two being friends and in the enjoyment of a vacation together in a mountain retreat. "His ponderous person has not diminished, and he wears a look of thoughtfulness which nothing ever disturbs. His sole and inimitable accomplishment out here is being chased by dogs. I never saw such a state of things in my life. Whenever he ventures out for a walk, the household gives him half an hour's leeway, and then the hired men come in from the field, the maids leave the kitchen, and everybody sits on a rail-fence along the road and waits. About that time a wild and inhuman shriek is heard up the road, and his nibs comes galloping over the hill, with dogs—unlimited as to number, jaws, and speed—pushing him hotly for first place. A fat and thoughtful and large man plunging wildly along before dogs is a beautiful sight. The curious thing is that nobody here seems to think that it's at all comical. The dogs are regularly beaten off, but they lay for their prey for days, and hunt him whenever he goes out."



KNOCK—THEY MIGHT OPEN AND RELIEVE YOU.
CONGRESS HAS PUT ON A TAX TO OBLIGE YOU, NOW ASK IT TO RELIEVE YOU OF SOME.



THE SMOKING-ROOM OF AN ATLANTIC STEAME

MER.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 503.]

THE VANDERBILT BUILDING NEAR THE GRAND CENTRAL DEPOT, NEW YORK CITY.—FROM THE ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS.

MR. VANDERBILT'S GIFT TO HIS EMPLOYÉS.

IN 1875 the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association was granted the use of rooms in the Grand Central Depot on Forty-second Street in New York, where a library soon began to be collected, a reading-room was opened, baths were provided for members, and beds for those who were relieved from duty at a late hour, or who had several hours to rest before going out. Any employé of the railroads that run into the depot was eligible to membership on the payment of a nominal sum monthly. So attractive have this library and its accessory conveniences proved to be, that the average daily attendance has increased in ten years from twenty to two hundred. Mr. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT took an interest in it from the beginning, and has given his personal attention to its development and good management. The rooms are now too few and too small, and Mr. VANDERBILT has carried into execution a generous plan to extend the benefits of the Association.

On June 30 he proposed to the Board of Directors of the New York Central Railroad Company "to bear all the expenses of construction and of fitting and furnishing, ready for use," a building 80 by 40 feet, if the board would grant a plot of ground that size, in the depot yard on the corner of Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. The board accepted the proposition, and expressed the "feeling that they are applying the property to the best purpose possible." "You perpetuate," they wrote, in their answer to Mr. VANDERBILT'S proposition, "in a way most honorable to yourself and beneficial to the company, a name already identified with the management of this corporation through two generations." Mr. VANDERBILT has expressed the opinion that, simply as a business proposition, no better use could be made of the land on which the new building will be erected, and he points out that the efforts which have hitherto been made by the company to promote the comfort and welfare of the men have been very successful, and "have fostered and promoted good feeling, better service, and general recognition of common interests in the work of the company."

The building, of which Messrs. ROBERTSON & MANNING are the architects, will contain bathrooms, a gymnasium, and bowling-alleys in the basement; on the main floor there will be the library, a reading-room, rooms for games, and offices; on the second floor a hall for meetings, rooms for classes, and bedrooms. The property will be leased to seven trustees, and the "land and building will be for the benefit, enjoyment, and instruction of the employés of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company and its leased and affiliated lines." Every employé will be entitled to these benefits on the payment of merely nominal membership dues, and subject only to such regulations as make for the comfort of all. This building, furnished as Mr. VANDERBILT will furnish it, will mark the furthest step taken by any railroad corporation in the country in this kind of gratuitous provision for the comfort and instruction of its employés.

MRS. JOSCELYN.

THE main-deck of the *Moldavia* was a moving mass of excited humanity when I crossed the gangway twenty minutes before the hour advertised for her sailing, and I told myself discontentedly that it was impossible in such a crowd of passengers that I should escape meeting one or two acquaintances, who, informal and ubiquitous as acquaintances always are at sea, would much interfere with the repose which an ocean voyage gives to those with whose temperament it agrees—a repose which I greatly needed after the fatigue and excitement of the business crisis through which I had just passed. With the unchristian hope that all I might know on board would be persistently sea-sick, as my only chance of escaping their society, I was about to go below, when, at the entrance of the ladies' deck cabin, I saw a group which realized my fears in a most embarrassing manner, though it was a group which attracted looks of admiration and interest even in that self-absorbed crowd. A pretty, girlish-looking woman, exquisitely dressed, watching with evident amusement the scene of confusion around her, and at her side an elderly darky holding a baby, whose winsome little face drew as many glances from the women as her mother's beauty did from the men.

"Mrs. Joscelyn!" I exclaimed.

For an instant, as she recognized me, she looked as disagreeably surprised as I felt, and then she put out her hand with the sweet childish laugh which had always been one of her most charming characteristics, but which I had never thought to hear from her lips again.

"Mr. Eustace! How very delightful! Just as I was wondering what would become of us in this dreadful crowd. You will help us a little, I am sure? My husband always says that you are so kind!"

"Anything I can do," I stammered, uncomfortably conscious that my countenance was more eloquent than my tongue, and that pity and reluctance were struggling there very visibly.

"We shall not bore you too much," she said, gayly. "Our cabin has been engaged for weeks, but I cannot find any one in this confusion to show it to me; so if you would kindly inquire—"

"I will see the chief steward at once, and return to tell you where it is," I exclaimed, eagerly, for the commission forced me to leave her, and I needed to get away from those pretty puzzling blue eyes to recover the composure which her sudden appearance and unexpected manner had very much upset. "Good heavens! what a woman!" I said to myself as I hurried away. "Has she no heart, that she can speak of her husband with a laugh?—her husband, who was madly fond of her in spite of his faults, and to whom she always seemed devoted."

Then memory brought back vividly for an instant Tom Joscelyn and his wife as I had seen them only a few months since at a fancy ball as Undine and her knight; and I remembered that, in the midst of the admiration their beauty excited, I had heard one or two whisper that the character suited her only too well—pretty, silly little girl!—and that if ever the day came when Joscelyn should need help and comfort from his wife, he would find her an Undine indeed, as soulless as she was bewitching. Alas, poor Undine! The catastrophe which befell her six weeks later has grown a not uncommon one nowadays, and nobody is as shocked to discover that his neighbor is a rascal as he would have been fifty years ago; but so deep had been the impression that Joscelyn, though very reckless, was perfectly honorable, that the shrewdest men in his circle still asked themselves if it were possible that he had become a forger and defaulter—a question whose perplexity was particularly profound to me, who had known him well at college, though we had seen little of each other since.

Educated by his father to gratify every wish in the present, and to believe his future an assured one, Tom Joscelyn on leaving college had lost both father and fortune in one of those financial crashes which periodically upset society with us. But the older Joscelyn's failure had been of that rare kind which only ruined himself, and his sudden death had so roused public sympathy that every one wished Tom well in his efforts to rebuild a fortune. He chose the hazardous career of a stock-broker, and for several years seemed fairly to have inherited the touch of Midas, for everything he took up turned to gold in his grasp. His extravagance was, however, equal to his success, and wise heads were shaken while solemn warnings were uttered over his race-horses, his coaching parties, his yacht, and all the other methods of getting rid of money, in which he was a shining example among the gilded youth of New York. But his popularity was naturally not diminished thereby, and when his engagement was announced, to Sibyl Stuart, the niece and heiress of one of the wealthiest and steadiest merchants in the city, there was a general feeling of satisfaction among his circle at the prospect that marriage would put an end to his crop of wild-oats, and that with the clear head and strong hand of old James Stuart to influence his future, Joscelyn would settle into sober and respectable prosperity.

But fortune had apparently tired of casting her favors in Tom's way. Mr. Stuart absolutely refused to consent to his niece's marriage with a man whom he called a gambler and a spendthrift, and when Sibyl, taking her fate in her own girlish hands, ran away and married her lover, the old man declared that she had ceased to exist for him, but that if the future ever presented him with a chance of punishing the man who, he considered had ruined her life, he should not hesitate to grasp it—a declaration at which Mrs. Joscelyn laughed lightly, with her usual childish frankness, announcing to all her friends her belief that she could find her way to his heart again, so soon as she could bring herself to forgive him the bitter things he had said of her husband.

Fortune, however, after her usual fashion, having once frowned, continued to do so, and Joscelyn's business ventures one after another came to naught, while he, apparently finding it impossible to believe in his lasting ill-luck, kept up all his former extravagance. The end came with appalling suddenness. Some comparatively small debt pressing him so close that further delay was impossible, he forged James Stuart's signature to a check for the necessary amount, and presented it himself for payment, while Mrs. Joscelyn sought her uncle, and confessing her husband's guilt, had appealed to his mercy, a quality which apparently did not exist, for he turned her out of his house, and took measures at once for Joscelyn's arrest for forgery. When he discovered that through some fortunate combination of circumstances Mrs. Joscelyn had been able to warn her husband in time to effect his escape, the old man's rage knew no bounds, and he vowed that he would spare neither money nor exertions until the scoundrel who had robbed him doubly, of his heiress and his money, should be lodged in prison.

With this story in my thoughts, I pushed my way through the crowd to the stairs leading to the lower regions, still in the almost undisturbed possession of stewards and stewardesses. With their assistance I quickly discovered Mrs. Joscelyn's cabin, and returned to fulfil my promise of escorting her to it. I found her still watching with much interest the partings, now in the last stage of tearful excitement, between those of the people about her who were to be our fellow-passengers and their friends, who must go ashore when the last bell should ring presently.

"I am so glad that Baby and I have nobody to whom to say good-by!" she cried, gayly, as I approached. "Do look at that poor girl's nose: she was quite pretty until she began to cry, and now it is so red that she is positively a fright."

"The best plan is to get over one's emotions in private," I suggested.

"I know a better plan yet, and that is to have no emotions at all. Now, Sally, we must follow Mr. Eustace closely, for he has discovered where we are to bestow ourselves."

Having guided them to their cabin, I was escaping with a sigh of relief, when she ran lightly after me.

"Would you mind very much finding where my place is at table, and if possible arranging to sit next me? You see, it is so awkward for me to be alone, and I cannot have Baby to chaperon me at dinner."

With an inward groan—I am afraid it was something more forcible—yet realizing that I could not decently refuse any courtesy that an old acquaintance in her painful circumstances might ask of me, I again sought the steward, and did what she wished.

Dinner was over at last—a long, hot, noisy affair, which my duty as chaperon necessitated my sitting out to the bitter end, without even the hope that I might escape its every-day repetition, for Mrs. Joscelyn declared herself to be a capital sailor, and her admirers were unanimous in ascribing the same characteristic to themselves.

When we left the table she suggested that I should take her for a walk on deck—a suggestion with which I complied as cheerfully as I could, and was rewarded by a request to smoke.

"There is nothing I like better than the neighborhood of a good cigar," she declared, confidentially, as she took my offered arm. "It reminds me of Tom, you know."

Then, while I was wondering what I could possibly reply, she began to talk amusingly of our dinner-table acquaintances, and our promenade passed off pleasantly enough.

When she went below I took a few turns by myself, lost in conjectures about her and her possible plans in coming to Europe, until I realized with a shiver that the night was growing chilly, and turned my steps to the smoking-room.

A good deal of card-playing and smoking was going on; the former at a milder, the latter at a more vigorous, rate on this first evening than when sea-sickness and a more intimate acquaintance should have exerted their influence. I found a vacant seat, which promised to be a quiet one, for my neighbors were the two silent members of our circle at dinner. But vain were my hopes of a meditative pipe, for the older man, apparently more inclined for a *tête-à-tête* than general conversation, began at once:

"The lady with you is the wife of that Joscelyn who forged for a large amount and ran away two or three months since, is she not?"

"She is," I replied, with as much repressive dignity as I possessed, but it was not sufficient.

"A very pretty woman," he continued, turning a keen gaze upon me from under a pair of shaggy eyebrows, "but astonishingly light-hearted for her circumstances."

"It is not my custom to discuss an old friend with a stranger," I interrupted, coldly.

"Quite right. But the fact is I must confess to considerable curiosity about her, as I have heard that when the forgery was first discovered, she tried to convince her uncle that she and not her husband was the guilty one."

"You heard a most infamous falsehood," I said, wrathfully, but feeling that I must prevent this old gossip from spreading such a story to the whole ship's company, and also convince my other neighbor, who, by the start he had given, was evidently listening, that what he had heard was untrue. "Now that I assure you that it is utter slander, I must ask you, as a gentleman, not to injure an estimable and unfortunate lady by repeating it."

"My dear sir, of course I will say no more. I only—"

"Good-evening," I said, freezingly, rising as I spoke. I made my way down-stairs raging inwardly against the combination of circumstances which was forcing me, after a fashion I could not escape without positive cowardice, into the position of champion to a woman whom I neither thoroughly understood nor approved.

Two or three days passed with nothing remarkable in their course. The weather was all that could be expected even of June, so that the worst victims of sea-sickness were able to keep about, while betting, flirtation, and other cus-

tomary amusements of a prosperous ocean voyage flourished apace. Mrs. Joscelyn was decidedly the belle of the ship, as I had foreseen at that first dinner, and her appearance was invariably the signal for the assembly of a little court, which consisted nearly equally of ladies and gentlemen, her tact and pretty graciousness having been as successful with the former as her beauty and amusingness were with the latter in overcoming the mingled curiosity and reprehension with which they were inclined to regard the strange contrast between her gloomy circumstances and her high spirits, when her identity became known, as it did on the second day of the voyage.

There was one person, however, on board more popular than Mrs. Joscelyn, and that person was Mrs. Joscelyn's baby—the very ideal of a baby, as good as she was pretty, and perfectly friendly to everybody, though with a pronounced preference for her masculine adorers. One of her greatest favorites, oddly enough it seemed, was a quiet Englishman, whom the ship's list announced to bear the name of West, and who, rare as his conversation was, had been heard to describe himself as an unsuccessful ranchman returning home from Montana. He was more given to Baby's society than to that of any one else, for though he did not worship at her shrine as often as most of the men, he would stop her once or twice in her daily airing on deck, and take her from her nurse's arms with an apparent familiarity with baby ways, which amused his fellow-passengers immensely, and seemed much to Miss Joscelyn's satisfaction, for she would chuckle away to him in her baby language, pulling his beard and patting his cheek with infinite zest.

After witnessing such an interview one afternoon, we stood around Mrs. Joscelyn's sea chair, laughing at the baby's evident pleasure in her conquest of the most unsociable of all the ship's society.

"Baby is woman enough already to like a difficult victory best!" cried her mother, gayly, as she lay back among her wraps, looking the very picture of *insouciant* loveliness, whom it was difficult to associate with the idea of motherhood, and impossible, except for our knowledge, to connect with shame and anguish. "Sally, who is eminently discreet, does not approve of poor Baby's decided taste for gentlemen's society; but I tell her that if she had ever seen Mr. Joscelyn with Baby, she would quite understand why it is that she is so at home with them. He always made such an absurd fuss about Baby."

There was a dead silence. I had grown used to the appalling frankness with which Mrs. Joscelyn would occasionally allude to her husband, but this was the first time that she had done so publicly; and the *savoir-faire* of her audience was by no means equal to the shock she had given it. I was meditating some trivial remark, when the constrained stillness was broken by a woman's shriek, and a sudden movement among the people at the other side of the vessel. In my first glance I realized what had happened, for I saw Sally throwing her empty arms above her head in a paroxysm of terror, while half a dozen people with gestures and exclamations of dismay leaned over the side of the ship, close to which the nurse and child had been standing a moment since. But I had scarcely time to look when there was a low thrilling murmur beside me.

"My Baby! my Baby!" and Mrs. Joscelyn passed me, escaping from the hands which sought to restrain her as though she had been a spirit.

We rushed after her with a conviction (so we told each other later) that in another instant she would spring overboard after her child. But as she reached the gunwale, she stopped as though she had been shot, and put both hands to her heart. The next second my arms were about her, and I held her fast; but there was no need. She made no effort to escape, and there was nothing like fainting in the firmly set lips and the wild straining anxiety of the eyes which watched the waves, where, even at the distance at which the vessel had left them, we recognized the Englishman West with the child in his arms.

It was happily an afternoon when the sea was almost as calm as the serene blue sky, and with what was really marvellous celerity, but after a delay that seemed to us eternal, the steamer was stopped, and a boat was lowered and sent back to their rescue. During the long moments which followed, Mrs. Joscelyn neither spoke nor stirred, but watched the progress of the boat with a gaze in which every faculty seemed concentrated, and her intense silence had the effect of stilling the excitement of the crowd about her, so that very little was said until the boat was seen returning with West and the baby, which, terrible though the shock of such a plunge must have been to its little life, was evidently alive and moving. Then most of the women broke into hysterical tears, and such a cheer burst from the men as only Anglo-Saxon lungs can give.

Mrs. Joscelyn sank into the nearest chair, and, still silent, turned her dry eyes and white face toward the sailors who were raising the boat, whence West presently sprang upon the deck, and came swiftly toward her with the child in his arms. Good God! what a look there was on her face! the woman who I had thought could not feel. It was not her baby she looked at, but him, straight up in his eyes, as he laid the child upon her knees. Such a gaze as one soul may look at another with when the veil of flesh, with all that it disguises to us poor humanity, is rent away forever. Then a quiver passed over her face, and she sank back insensible. As for him, he made one step forward, with arms outstretched, as if he must take up both her and her child in them, but my hand grasped his shoulder like a vise.

"For her sake!" I muttered in his ear, and led him, supported him rather, for he was trembling so that he could scarcely walk, to the cabin stairs.

So I got him away to my cabin, which was nearer than his, and there he sank down on my sea trunk, and flinging his arms across the berth, hid his face on them.

I closed the door, and poured some brandy from my flask into a glass. "Drink this, old fellow," I said, in a voice which was not so steady as I could have wished. "Surely this is not the time to despair, but to thank God!" He did not move, and only his gasping breath showed that he was conscious. "Be a man, Tom, for her sake! Think what courage she has to go through such a scene, and never utter a syllable to betray you!"

He took the brandy and swallowed it hurriedly. "But you have found me out. Do you think no one else has done so?"

"No one else on board knew you as Tom Joscelyn, and no one could guess such a daring scheme as your crossing on the same steamer with your wife. Indeed, now that I look closely at you, and see that it is only in growing a beard, and staining your skin, and wearing glasses, that you have altered yourself, I think it is the impossibility of the whole plan, and your wife's wonderful acting of unconcern, which prevented me from recognizing you, much more than your disguise."

"It was her plan. She said she could better bear any amount of daily pretence, while she knew that I was safe, than endure the suspense of not knowing for eight days what might have happened to me."

When Joscelyn left me I sought his wife, whom I found in the deck cabin, surrounded by a sympathetic circle of ladies. She looked very white, and kept a tenacious hold of her baby, but she was laughing lightly at Sally, who was mingling tears and promises of more care for the future, with vehement protestations that the accident had been no fault of hers.

"'Deed an' 'deed, Mis' Joscelyn, honey, de chile jump right out of your hands too, if she done take it in her purty head to want to."

"I hope Mr. West is not suffering for his great goodness," Mrs. Joscelyn said, interrupting Sally's sobs, as I entered. "I am going to rest in my cabin until after dinner, but then I shall hope to be able to thank him a little better than by fainting away in such a weak-minded fashion as I did just now."

Here a chorus of ladies declared with enthusiasm that she had not been weak-minded at all, but a perfect heroine, poor dear! whose courage had barely been surpassed by that noble Mr. West and that too, too angelic baby—a chorus from which Mrs. Joscelyn presently escaped by asking me to take her down-stairs. As I left her at her own door she managed to whisper, unheard by Sally, who was close at hand with the baby, "For pity's sake let me see him alone this evening."

From her cabin I went to Joscelyn's, and having relieved his anxiety, I betook myself to a smoke on deck, and reflections on the strange drama in which I had involuntarily become involved. But I was not permitted to clear up the proportions of mingled compassion and blame in my own mind, for I was joined by the curious and complacent Thomas.

"One little knows what is going on under the surface of things, even immediately about us," was his alarming beginning, as he fixed his keen gaze on my aghast countenance.

"What do you mean?" I asked, with as little anxiety as I could achieve.

"The discoveries of this afternoon, of course."

I braced myself for any amount of hard swearing as he paused, the proportions of my pity and blame suddenly settled, but he continued serenely:

"In spite of his apparent dulness, I suppose one must always give an Englishman credit for physical courage, so perhaps there was nothing surprising in Mr. West's conduct, but who would have expected such a display of feeling, such a passion of anguish, from that little Mrs. Joscelyn, whom we had such excellent reasons for believing the shallowest and most heartless of women?"

I was conscious of an almost dizzy emotion of relief, for even the steadiest nerves must have been upset by such an afternoon, but I struggled to appear dignifiedly offended.

"I have already declined to discuss my friend Mrs. Joscelyn," I began.

"You are a very sensitive champion," he interrupted, with a peculiar smile; "but as you please;" and he began to talk of other things.

Mrs. Joscelyn did not appear at dinner, and I was the object of a sort of ovation by proxy, which reduced me to a condition of hoarse imbecility by obliging me to repeat to nearly a hundred anxious inquiries, within the course of half an hour, that the heroines of the day were both quite restored, and that Mrs. Joscelyn would come in to have some tea after dinner. Mrs. Joscelyn did not come in until most of the people had left the table, and then, though she was brightly gracious to the interest with which she was received, she finished her tea with much expedition, and rose from her seat at once, announcing that Mr. Eustace had promised to take her to find Mr. West.

We accordingly found him on deck, not far from the companion-way. It was too dark for me to see either of their faces, even if I had wished to do so, but they clasped each other's hands wordlessly, and we walked along in silence until we reached the end of the deck beside the wheel-house, where there was no one but the man on duty, for the night was chilly, and the few passengers on deck were clustered around the funnels.

"If you will go behind the wheel-house you will be quite unseen and unheard, and I will patrol here to keep off intruders," I said, hurriedly.

Silently they disappeared as I suggested, and I began to pace to and fro across the deck. For a few moments I did not hear a sound from them; then a low murmur of voices fell upon my ear, broken by suppressed sobs, which seemed to grow more difficult to subdue, until at last there was a passionate cry from Mrs. Joscelyn.

"It kills me to think it is my sin for which you suffer—mine—mine; but I meant no sin, Tom—only to help you—"

I turned quickly away, and, stunned and bewildered by what I had heard, I almost ran into the arms of the ubiquitous Thomas.

"We seem to be the only people reasonable enough to prefer this fresh salt breeze to the stifling atmosphere inside," he said, steadying himself under my involuntary assault.

"Not quite," I said, cheerily. "Mrs. Joscelyn and Mr. West are behind the wheel-house, and I must join them again."

He walked briskly away, but I kept my eye on him until I saw him turn in by the light at the smoking-room door, and then I sought the Joscelyns. They had heard voices, and were standing in such an attitude as suited their supposed relations.

"I am afraid I must take you down-stairs, Mrs. Joscelyn," I said. "A certain very curious old gentleman is prowling about, and though I have got rid of him for the present, I dare say he will be back again."

She flung herself on Joscelyn's breast with a wild burst of sobs.

"Put your arms around me again, Tom! Hold me close just one moment more! I am so homesick for you every day—every hour."

"Hush, my own!" he murmured; "be my brave girl again."

I got as far from them as I dared, where she presently joined me, and without a word I took her down to her cabin.

Coming up once more, I met Joscelyn at the head of the stairs, and he led me away into the darkness.

"She—she quite broke down once or twice," he said, nervously. "Did you hear what she said?"

"I heard her say that she did it for you," I answered, grasping his hand, "and I understood it all. I always thought you a good fellow, Tom. I never could quite believe you anything else."

"You do not understand!" he muttered, with a passionate quiet, which had more force in it than any loudness. "God of heaven! how can I make you understand how innocently she did it? The money she had been taught to look upon as hers, and for me—for me—as she would put her hand in the fire, or a knife in her heart, if in so doing she could help me!"

Then he told me the story. He had been in such pressing need of five thousand dollars that he had allowed his wife to go to her uncle and ask it of him. Mr. Stuart had refused absolutely to allow her a penny to help her husband with, telling her at the same time that it would all be hers some day, but that he should so tie it up that it should not be squandered. The next morning, after Joscelyn, nearly desperate over the failure of this his last resource, had gone down town, she forged her uncle's signature to a check for the necessary amount, and sent it to her husband's office in an envelop, addressed in her uncle's writing.

"With no more thought of serious guilt," murmured Joscelyn, vehemently, "than a child, who gets by some contrivance of its own what it has been refused, but what it is sure of being forgiven when it confesses."

As Mrs. Joscelyn had done at once; for she went to her uncle and told him all, directly she had sent the check. But Mr. Stuart refused to believe her story, declaring his conviction that she was lying to screen her husband, but that they should not trick him between them, and that he should at once take measures for the arrest of Joscelyn. Leaving his house, she met her husband, who had come to thank Mr. Stuart for his supposed goodness; and even in the first passion of anguish over the unconscious ruin she had wrought, he realized that it would be impossible to make the world believe her action the innocent one it was, and not the guilty one it seemed, and that even though Mr. Stuart should refuse to prosecute when convinced that she was the author of the forgery, the publicity would have disgraced her name forever, and he resolved to take the whole burden of sin and shame on his own shoulders by flying at once, with a heroism of which he was even yet unconscious.

"For the sin is mine," he repeated, eagerly. "My recklessness brought us to the need which tempted her, and she is as innocent of real guilt as a child—more so, for a child commits its little faults for itself, and my poor Sibyl did it only for me."

I do not think she suspected, either when we met the next morning or afterward, how thoroughly I knew her secret. Her good spirits and pretty coquetry had all returned, and her popularity was more assured and unreserved than ever, since that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" had been given to the admiration which they had previously felt for her, by her anguish of terror during her child's danger.

As for the supposed West, his awkward taciturnity had dispelled the fleeting favor his courage had inspired, and he was permitted to pursue his solitary way undisturbed by any one except Mr. Thomas, whom I had finally decided to be that thoroughly nineteenth century production, a hunter of "types," always a tremendous bore, but generally harmless, and quite distinct from the class of malicious gossips to which I had assigned him at first.

Joscelyn and I had no more confidences, and we kept out of each other's way, neither relying implicitly on his own powers of dissembling, and he, I could see, bitterly regretting that circumstances had forced him to reveal the real facts of his story to me.

So the last days of the voyage came, and we arrived at Queenstown one fair June afternoon, when sea and sky, and even the rock-bound Irish coast, were eloquent of beauty and brightness. Most of the passengers had crowded to the side of the vessel which the "tender" from Queenstown was approaching. Among those who stood ready with their luggage to disembark I saw Joscelyn, shaking hands with several acquaintances, who, after the manner of most people, were become more cordial at the moment of parting than ever before. I walked up and shook hands with him also.

"Good-by!" I said, as lightly as I could. "Good luck to you!"

"Will you—will you say 'good-by' to Mrs. Joscelyn for me?—I have not been able to do so," he said, in voice which all his resolution could not quite steady.

"Shy fellow; I suppose he is afraid of a scene," somebody suggested to me as I turned away, and it thrilled me strangely that he should have guessed so awfully near and yet so widely far from Joscelyn's real feeling.

Mrs. Joscelyn, with a lovely color in her cheeks and a wonderful light in her blue eyes, stood at a little distance, as usual the centre of a group, among which was Mr. Thomas, who, however, left it as I approached, and walked over to the gangway. The "tender," panting and puffing like the vulgar and officious little satellite of a creature that is grander and stronger than itself, had now reached the steamer's side, and all the bustle and confusion of greetings and farewells, the arrival of the small mail from shore, and the departure of the enormous one the *Moldavia* had carried so long, made us realize that we had rejoined the world again.

Mrs. Joscelyn was so surprisingly pretty and so especially charming that two or three men still lingered about her, stifling, for the sake of her society, even the pangs of an eight-days' hunger for newspapers. I, watching her, lost myself for the hundredth time in wonder at the strength and complexity of nature all that lightness and brightness concealed, for even now she must be enduring an agony of mingled triumph and fear, if she knew, as she probably did, that this was the moment of extremest danger for her husband, as, if since our departure from New York it had been discovered that he had sailed with the *Moldavia*, that "tender" would bring an English police officer empowered by cablegram to arrest him.

At this instant steps approaching rather hurriedly caused me to look around with a start. Mr. Thomas was within a few steps of us, accompanied by a stranger.

"Some friend come to meet him," I told myself, but the next second my heart sank, for he walked up to Mrs. Joscelyn with a certain alertness and decision very different from his usual manner, and which must have impressed her too, for she paled to the lips.

"Mrs. Joscelyn," he said, with an accent of decorous triumph which made me feel fairly murderous, "it is my painful duty to inform you that this gentleman is an English police-officer, who has come on board to receive my instructions as to the arrest of the criminal in the Stuart forgery case, and that I have instructed him to arrest—you!"

"Me!" she uttered, her eyes fixed with a gaze full of anguished fear, not on the two men before her, not on the shocked faces of her little court, but on the group beside the gangway. "What ground can you possibly have for my arrest?"

"Your own confession, overheard by me on deck four nights since; though I have had my suspicions of you ever since the details of the case were first given me by your uncle. Will you come with us at once, please? We must land here."

"Not here! Not now, for God's sake!" she almost whispered, her face changing horribly. "You may lock me in my cabin—I swear I will not try to escape. Only let me land at Liverpool to-morrow!"

"It is impossible," Thomas began, but he was interrupted by a sudden rush from the gangway, as Joscelyn, with two or three mad springs, flung himself between his wife and the officers.

"What is this—what is this?" he panted.

"It is no use, Mr. Joscelyn," said Thomas, with a shade of something like pity in his hard voice. "I have known you nearly all the way over, but you cannot prevent this. I arrest Mrs. Joscelyn on a confession I overheard myself."

"But you heard wrong!" cried Joscelyn, recovering himself and speaking firmly and haughtily. "Whatever you heard Mrs. Joscelyn say, you could not have heard her confess the forgery, for it was mine—mine alone—though, like the angel she is, she took the guilt upon herself in appealing to her uncle's mercy—"

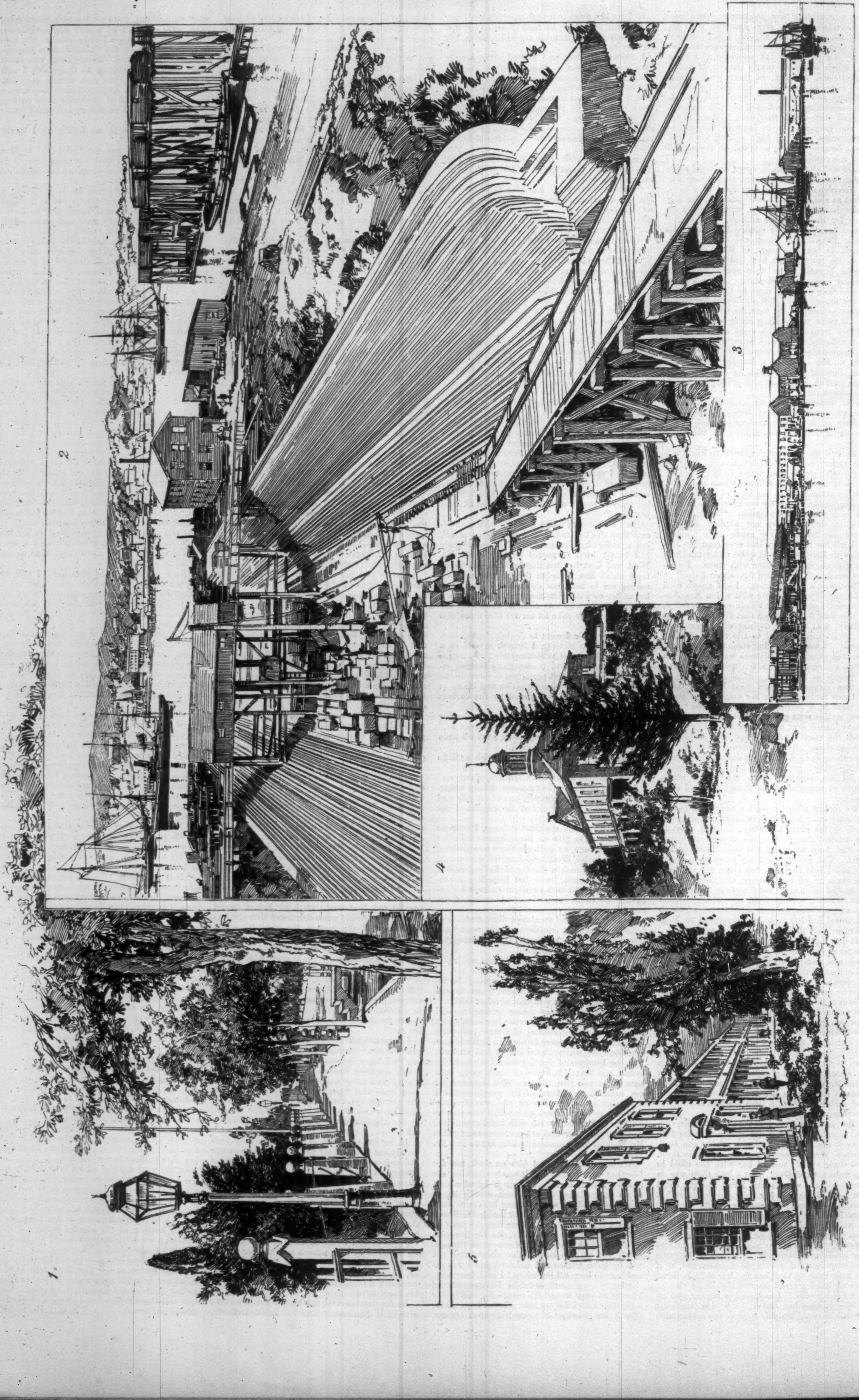
There was a faint cry—Mrs. Joscelyn fluttered with a heavy, helpless movement from behind her husband's outstretched arm, and sank on his breast, to which he gathered her with a gesture so full of mingled tenderness and shame that not even Thomas found voice to speak for a moment. It was Joscelyn himself who broke the silence in a hoarse, changed tone.

"Help, Eustace!—the surgeon, quick!—Sibyl! Sibyl—" And we saw, as her head fell back on his shoulder, her closed eyes and the blood pouring from between her white lips.

Of the next quarter of an hour I have only the haunting, tortured remembrance one has of a terrible dream. The surgeon came and knelt down beside her, as she lay supported in her husband's arms on the bench where he had placed her. A moment's listening at her heart, an instant's holding of the slender wrist, and then, without a word, the surgeon raised his head and looked into Joscelyn's wild eyes.

He understood—bent down and kissed her softly; then gazing at her fair, dead face as if he could not turn his eyes away, he put one hand swiftly in his coat, drew out a small pistol. There was a flash—a report—and he sank slowly down across her breast.

NELLIE MACKUBIN.



SAN FRANCISCO—THE MARE ISLAND NAVY-YARD.—Drawn by Charles Graham from Photographs by J. G. Smith, Vallejo, California.—[See Page 510.]

1. Front of Officers' Quarters. 2. The Dry-Dock. 3. General View of Mare Island. 4. Office Building. 5. Barracks.

MEXICAN TROOPS IN SONORA.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 510.]

MIDDLE AGE.

O days of fair midsummer time!
  O days of prose, of peace, of calms!
Now when I seek the blue sea wave,
  It is for comfort and for clams,
And not to follow pretty Rose.
  With glasses on her piquant nose.

Not to obey her queenly nod,
  Not to spend hours before the glass
Inventing of a wondrous tie
  Which shall my rival's tie surpass,
And envy to his dark soul bring,
Although, alas! I cannot sing.

He was a plaintive fair-haired youth,
  Who played upon the light banjo,
And warbled 'neath the witching moon,
  "My love that loved me long ago,"
Till even the rocks felt his regret;
Her spectacles were glistening wet.

'Tis not to waste my manly strength
  In rowing any lovely maid,
Or scrambling after harebells blue
  To deck her false but golden braid;
'Tis not to lose my sleep for care,
For throbbing hope and dark despair.

Now years have flown, and Rose has wed
  The gentle youth with voice so sad,
And I in middle-aged peace
  Pass all my days serenely glad.
The sweetness of indifference
Is my delightful recompense.

For all the harrowing pains I felt
  Here by the water's twinkling smile,
A zest for idleness I've gained,
  A heart not touched by woman's wile.
To happy freedom still I cling,
For though I loved, I could not sing.

S. H. Swett.

MARE ISLAND NAVY-YARD.

Mare Island, which is the only American navy-yard or naval station on the Pacific coast, has an ideal site, harbor, and climate. It is two hours' ride by rail from San Francisco, so that the longest-range modern guns would be unable to reach it; its approaches may be defended easily, it has a harbor in which the whole American navy could be accommodated without crowding, and the climate is so equable that workmen may labor the year round in the open air. With all these advantages, the Navy-yard languishes, and is able to do little effective work, because of niggardly appropriations, and the mistaken notion that it costs twice as much to complete any naval work at Mare Island as it does at Brooklyn or Norfolk. This misconception was due largely to the enormous amount of money charged up to the account of the steamer *Mohican*, one of the half-dozen vessels which have been built at the yard. A recent report submitted to the Secretary of the Navy shows that thousands of this amount were spent on repairs and on work upon other vessels, and should never have been counted in the original cost of the *Mohican*. It is estimated that the superior advantages for working at all seasons at Mare Island, as well as the great saving on the cost of freight of heavy ordnance, more than offset the higher price of labor in California.

Mare Island was bought by the government for $83,000 on January 4, 1853. The Navy-yard comprises all the dry upland on the island, about 900 acres, but the government also claims 4000 acres of tide land, which is generally under water at high tide. The island is only a short distance across a narrow strait from Vallejo, a picturesque little town which some sanguine Argonauts fondly imagined would one day be the metropolis of California. The first commandant was Commander David G. Farragut, who served until July, 1858. The log-book which Farragut began on the day he took charge, September 16, 1854, contains this laconic entry: "Commander Farragut took charge of the island, and forthwith ordered all of the squatters off—Vara, Gilbert, and Antonio Pintro were their names. Weather clear." Farragut builded well while he was in charge, and his successors have all taken pride in making the yard as effective as possible. Among the prominent officers who have been in charge are Rear-Admirals T. O. Selfridge, T. T. Craven, James Alden, John Rodgers, and Commodore John H. Russell, the present commandant.

The Navy-yard is two and a half miles long and half a mile wide. Along the water front are the dry-dock, storehouses, and machine shops, while in the rear are the officers' quarters. The place is very beautiful, the great open square on which the officers' houses front being planted with evergreen and other shade trees, while the large, comfortable houses of red brick, built in the Philadelphia style of thirty years ago, are covered with roses and fuchsias, which under this genial sun become veritable trees. Even the cannon which form the fence posts of the commandant's place lose somewhat of their grim suggestiveness by the roses which twine about them. There are in all on the island twenty-eight brick and stone buildings used for workshops, storehouses, etc., one sectional dry-dock of eight sections, and a new stone dry-dock nearly ready for use. The most interesting sight at the yard is the stone dry-dock, a huge structure 530 feet long, 130 feet broad at the top, and with a capacity for admitting a vessel of 79 feet beam, and draught of 26 feet. It has been building for fourteen years, but work has been frequently suspended because of the failure of appropriations. The plan is old-fashioned in many ways, but the work has been well done. The structure is concrete faced with granite. Only about one-quarter of the facing has been put on, but it has been determined to test the pumping engines and the caisson which closes the entrance to the dock. The coffer-dam which temporarily serves as a caisson is nearly excavated. The pumping engines and pumps are the largest ever built and erected in this country. They were brought from Philadelphia, and consist of two 42-inch centrifugal pumping engines, each of which throws 40,000 gallons per minute, and each is driven by an engine of 600 horse-power. It will take these enormous engines two or two and a quarter hours to pump out the 9,000,000 gallons which the dry-dock will contain. The entire cost of the dry-dock has been $2,446,151, and it is estimated that $195,000 will complete it ready for use, although competent engineers who have examined it declare that a half-million more will be required. This would bring the total cost up to nearly $3,000,000.

MEXICAN TROOPS IN SONORA.

The international complication arising from the seizure of Mr. Cutting gives special interest to the sketches printed in this issue of the Mexican troops in Sonora. The scene of the recent excitement is in the adjoining state of Chihuahua, and upon the Texan frontier, whereas Sonora is bounded on the north by Arizona. Mr. Cutting, an American citizen, was the editor of a paper published at Passo del Norte, upon the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, and opposite El Paso, in Texas. The expressions in his paper of disesteem for his Mexican contemporaries, and of disrespect for the government of Chihuahua, were requited by his arrest and imprisonment. A demand from our State Department for his release was received by the Chihuahuans with excited and defiant expressions of refusal.

Mr. Remington's sketches of military life in Mexico are from life-studies made in the vicinity of Hermissillo, Sonora. Were a war with Mexico really imminent, these pictures should prove reassuring; at present there seems no reason to believe that their interest is other than picturesque. The Mexican army in Sonora, which has had its hands full lately in fighting and endeavoring to subdue the Yaquè Indians, who are described as a brave and industrious race of red men, with a hatred for Mexicans which is inborn and undying, may be divided into three classes—the National Guard, the Federal troops, and the Rangers, or Custom-house Guards. In the last-mentioned division, as may be inferred from a study of the accompanying illustrations, is found the flower of military valor in Sonora, or so much of the flower as exists. These Customs Guards, or Rangers, are frequently men of warlike reputations—extra good men whose business it is to trail smugglers, desperadoes, and characters of that sort, and to capture or annihilate them, with a preference for the method of annihilation.

The National Guard, which corresponds not to our regular army, but to our State militia, has been declared by military travellers in Sonora to consist of "a very fair class of men—for Mexico." The accompanying portrait of a member of the "Garrison Guard, Sixth Battalion," shows a fair specimen of the class. The apparent weakness or uncertainty about the legs, and the general disjointedness of this soldier, is the direct result of the military, or rather the unmilitary, method of the country. The forms of military life which are so essential to the maintenance of discipline among soldiers, the prompt ways, the martial bearing, the salute, and all the courtesies of soldier life, are missing among the troops in Sonora.

If there is this noticeable slouchiness about the National Guard of Sonora, what, then, must be said of the condition and appearance of the Federal troops? Two views of characteristic types of these worthies are given by the artist. One represents the prison guard at Hermissillo, and the other a "soldier" engaged in the war-like occupation of lace-making. The prison guard are Federal troops officered by the general government. They are a hard lot indeed, recruited from the prisons and entirely ununiformed. The saying is that it takes six of these men to bring a bucket of water—two to carry the water, two to act as guards, and two more to guard the guards. This may account for the fact that soap and water are practically unknown among the Federal troops of Sonora. They are not an especially expensive adjunct of the government of Mexico, as the soldiers are only paid one "lackie" a day, and as they exist in summer principally on melons and sugar-cane; but they are nevertheless extremely unpopular, and not unnaturally, seeing that they are openly and boldly used by the Federal or ruling party for political purposes. Considering the meagreness of the pay of these soldiers, it is not surprising that they are driven to other occupations than the carrying of guns as a means of eking out an income. Many of them who learned the art of making lace in prison utilize this knowledge during the leisure moments of garrison life, which moments, since there is practically no such thing as military discipline, are abundant and easily found. Nevertheless, in spite of their shortcomings and numerous absurdities, the troops of Sonora form no unimportant part of the population, as will be recognized when it is remembered that Sonora has an Indian war upon its hands most of the time. The Yaquè Indians on the Yaquè River are the most implacable enemies of Sonora at the present time. They are an intelligent race of Indians, and have been taught much political sagacity by the priests, who are now opposed to the republic on account of supposed ill-treatment. If it were not for their Remington rifles, it is doubtful if the whole combined military force of Sonora could whip these Indians in a fair fight; and what has been said of the troops of Sonora applies very well to the military of Mexico at large.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,

A GOOD THING.

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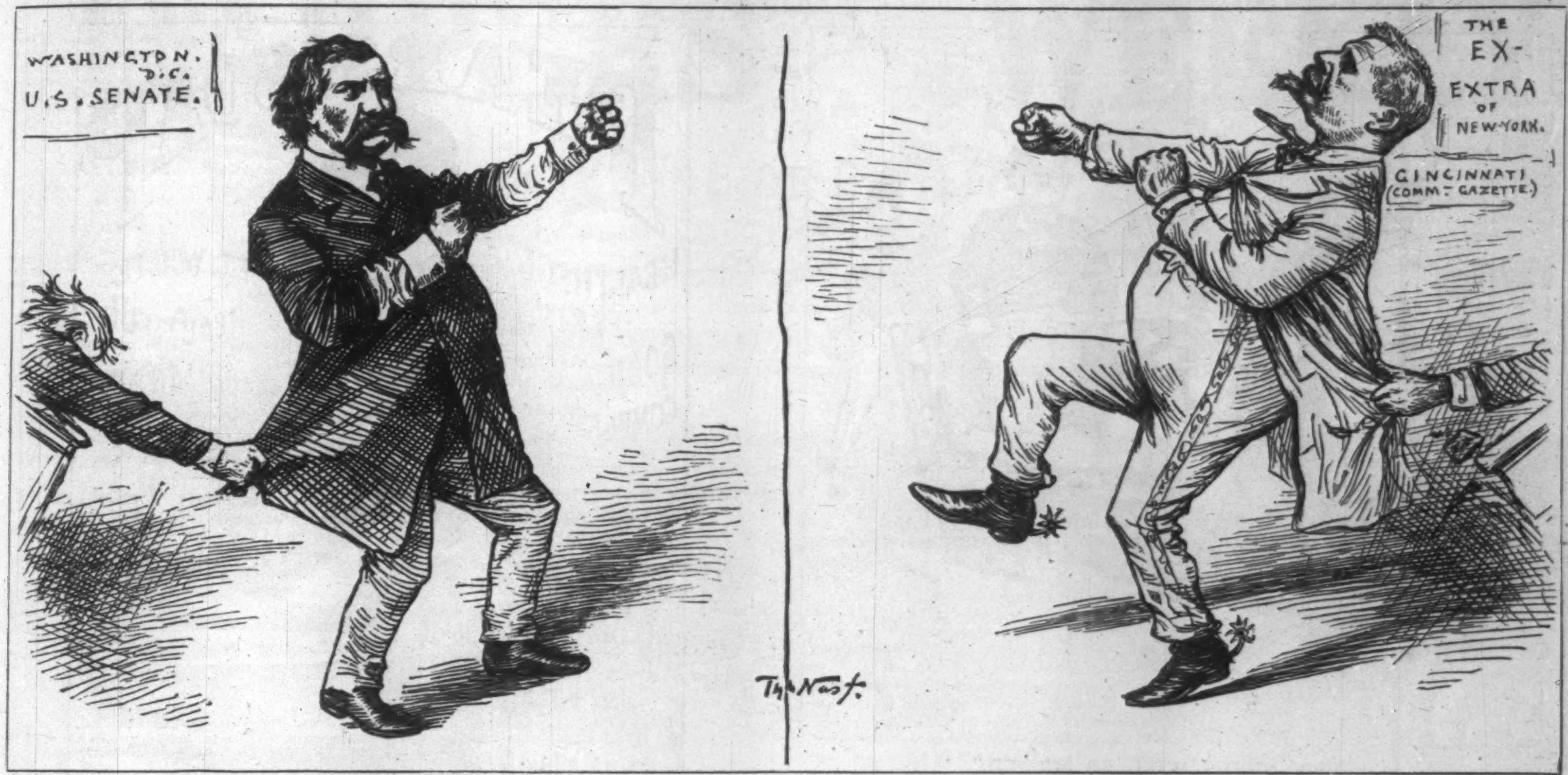

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